The Outlook

Volume 77 Saturday, June 18, 1904 Number 7

CONTENTS

THE WEEK

The Colorado Labor Struggle..... 383
What the Filipinos Wish..... 385
The Political Situation..... 386
Senator Knox..... 387
Vermont's New Local Option Law..... 388
The Atrocities in the Congo State..... 390
The War in the East..... 390
Mr. Perdicaris and the Bandits..... 391
College News..... 391
A Theological Conference at Yale..... 393
Competitive Examinations in India..... 394

EDITORIALS

The Issue in Colorado..... 394
Laurence Hutton..... 396
Infinity, Immortality, and Love..... 397
The New Criticism and the New Theology 398

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES

Japan at War..... 401
By George Kennan
The Mountains.—IV. On How to Go About It..... 407
By Stewart Edward White
The Church and the Trade-Union in Agreement..... 411
By George Hodges
The Women of America.—XI. The Mother in the Tenement Home..... 414
By Elizabeth McCracken

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The Best Recent Novels..... 421
Books of the Week..... 426

THE OUTLOOK is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

PRICE.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

POSTAGE IS PREPAID by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

DISCONTINUANCES.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

HOW TO REMIT.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

LETTERS should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

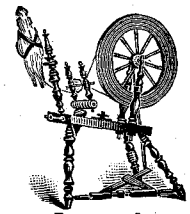
Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

Copyright, 1904, by The Outlook Company. Entered as second-class matter in the New York Post-Office.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dr. Deimel Underwear

The wearing qualities and finish of this famous Underwear have recently been much improved, and we believe it is to-day the most comfortable, healthful, and altogether satisfactory underclothing that has yet been produced. Thousands of our most intelligent customers are enthusiastic regarding it.



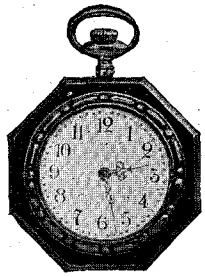
Registered Trade Mark

While ideal for every season, it is especially delightful for Summer wear, and we cordially invite a trial by those who are not familiar with its merits.

The garments, or booklets giving further information at

JAMES McCUTCHEON & CO., 14 West 23d St., N.Y.

Artistic Novelties for Ladies



For Sale by all Jewelers

New England Watches

LEAD THE WORLD

In Diversity of Styles and Quantity of Production

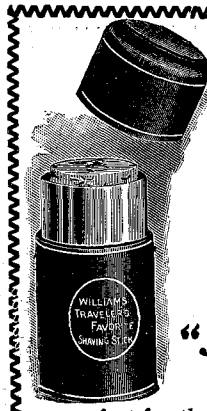
CATALOGS SENT ON REQUEST

The New England Watch Co.

MANUFACTURERS

Offices { New York, 37 & 39 Maiden Lane. Chicago, 131-137 Wabash Ave. San Francisco, Claus Spreckels Bldg.

147



Williams' Shaving Stick

Stands for perfection in Shaving Soap.

Williams' "Jersey Cream"

TOILET SOAP

as perfect for the toilet as Williams' Shaving Soaps are for shaving and has the same creamy, soothing, refreshing qualities that have made Williams' Shaving Soaps so famous.

WILLIAMS' Swiss Violet Toilet Water

Exquisitely delicate and refreshing.

Violet Talcum Powder

Possesses unequaled soothing, healing and anti-septic properties. The highest medical authorities indorse it.

Sold by druggists everywhere

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., GLASTONBURY, CONN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Outlook

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1904

The Colorado Labor Struggle: The Supreme Court Decision

On Monday morning, June 6, the Supreme Court of Colorado rendered its decision in the application for a writ of habeas corpus for Charles H. Moyer, President of the Western Federation of Miners. It will be remembered that Moyer had been arrested by military authority; that, on April 25, the Supreme Court had denied the motion of Moyer's counsel for release on bail, and had declared that at a later date it would pass judgment on the question "whether the Governor, under the Constitution and under the conditions known to exist, can declare martial law, and as an incident thereto suspend the writ of habeas corpus." The decision of the Court refused the application for Moyer's release, and affirmed that he "was not illegally restrained of his liberty." It leaves Moyer in military custody until the Governor determines that, conditions of insurrection no longer existing, he may reasonably and properly "be turned over to the usual civil authorities of the county to be dealt with in the ordinary course of justice." The decision goes further and upholds the position of Governor Peabody and his general military policy in suppressing insurrection and disorder. The gist of the opinion is contained in the following quotations:

> By our Constitution the Governor is the Commander-in-Chief of the military forces of the State, and is empowered to call out the militia to suppress insurrection. It must, therefore, become his duty to determine as a fact when conditions exist in a given locality which demand that, in the discharge of his duties as chief executive of the State, he shall employ the militia to suppress insurrection. In suppressing an insurrection it has been many times determined that the military may resort to extreme force as against armed and riotous resistance, even to the extent of taking the life of the rioters. . . . It is impossible to imagine upon what hypothesis it can be successfully claimed that the milder means of seizing the persons of those participating in the insurrection or aiding and abetting it may not be resorted to. . . . If the military, as soon as a rioter or insurrectionist is arrested, must turn him over to the civil authorities of the county, the arrest might and in many instances would amount to a mere farce. . . . The Governor, in employing the militia to suppress an insurrection, is . . . but acting in a civil capacity. . . . The petitioner was lawfully arrested by the military authorities while the work of suppressing the insurrection in San Miguel County was in progress. Such arrest being lawful, his restraint by respondents until it is repressed is not illegal.

This decision of the Supreme Court of Colorado is substantially the same as that rendered a few years since by the Supreme Court of Idaho. The Colorado decision was sustained by Justices Gabbert and Campbell, Justice Steele dissenting. It is of interest to note that the question at issue was deemed so important that, in addition to the special counsel, John M. Waldron (employed by the Governor), the Court called in six eminent lawyers in the State and asked them to submit briefs. The result was that three sustained the position taken by Mr. Waldron, and three dissented. The decision of the Court appears to give general satisfaction, some of the ablest Democratic lawyers warmly approving it. The Denver "Republican" editorially says: "It is a great and notable victory for the individual freedom of all men and for the enforcement of law and the maintenance of order. The decision is a splendid vindication of the wise and patriotic course pursued by Governor Peabody." The Denver "News" (Democratic) "with great respect differs from the Supreme Court," and suggests an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. The State Democratic Convention met the next day at Pueblo. Its platform, while briefly condemning Governor Peabody's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

course "in deporting citizens from their homes," makes no allusion to the Supreme Court decision.

❀

A Reign of Lawlessness The decision of the Supreme Court was rendered on Monday morning of last week. Early on that same day occurred at Independence, in the Cripple Creek district, an atrocious outrage, which, to the minds of many, lent added justification to the course which Governor Peabody has pursued and confirmed the reasonableness of the Supreme Court's decision. Between fifty and sixty miners on the "graveyard shift" were waiting for the train at the depot. Suddenly a terrific explosion occurring under the platform of the station tossed nearly half of the waiting miners high into the air, mangled the bodies of ten of them almost beyond identification, killing immediately eleven, injuring two to such an extent that they died soon after their arrival at the hospital, and maiming five for life. A wire running four hundred feet and other remains of an infernal machine were found. That this was the work of members of the Western Federation of Miners is the general belief in the Cripple Creek district. The Sheriff and Coroner of Teller County and the Mayor of Victor were at once compelled to resign. Several other officials have also resigned by request. A new Sheriff was appointed. Nearly two hundred men belonging to the Miners' Federation were arrested, not without bloodshed. On Wednesday at Dunville a force of militia under General Bell fought with miners charged with an intention to rescue the prisoners at Victor. One miner was killed and fourteen captured. Many more men have been deported with instructions never to return to Teller County. Incriminating evidence is claimed to have been secured in a raid upon the Miners' Hall. In the absence of Governor Peabody from the State, martial law has been declared for the seat of these disturbances by the Lieutenant-Governor, and General Sherman Bell is again in charge in the Cripple Creek district. In the midst of all this intense excitement work at most of the mines is going on. A cool-headed mining man who was in the Cripple Creek district on Monday and Tuesday—the day on which the tragedy occurred and the day following—reports that what impressed him most was the self-restraint of the citizens. Though a leading mine-owner was shot at and the bullet killed a non-union man sitting near him, and though the feeling was intense against certain men, there was no lynching. The dynamite outrage promises to be the culminating point in this bitter civil war. The Mine Owners' Association have declared that they would rather close every mine in the district for ten years than allow a single member of the Western Federation of Miners to work or live in the district, and an attempt has been made during the past week to enforce this threat. The sheriff, the military authorities, and the mine-owners have apparently acted together in enforcing wholesale deportation of union miners, who have been taken out of the State, almost by car-loads, and dumped on the open prairies in Kansas. The Western Federation of Miners declare that it devolves upon the President to investigate the crimes which are being perpetrated in Colorado in the name of law and order, promising to render him every possible assistance. They declare that they claim the right to live unmolested in their homes so long as they do not break the law, and one of them puts the case succinctly in a letter to the President: "If we can be taken away from our homes and families and business that we have spent hard-earned dollars to buy, without a moment's notice, or with three or four days' notice, then what guarantee have I that as soon as I make for myself a home in some other place I will not also be forcibly taken away again?" There seems to be slight possibility that the President will interfere, for the Colorado situation, terrible as it is, does not present the same ground for interference on the part of the National Government as was presented at the time of the strikes in the coal-mining district. The Colorado fight is a fight between two groups of people, and the resources of the State

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the way of preserving order have not yet all been exhausted. The fight in Pennsylvania concerned a large body of non-combatants, and involved the comfort, the health, and possibly the life of hundreds of thousands of citizens over a great section of the United States. Elsewhere in this number will be found an editorial on the situation in Colorado.

❀

What the Filipinos Wish

An official delegation of between thirty and forty prominent Filipinos is visiting this country under arrangements made by Governor Taft before he left the Archipelago. The delegation includes the Chief Justice, the junior Judge of the Supreme Court, the ranking Filipinos in the Philippine Commission, a number of Provincial Governors, one or two editors of Philippine newspapers, and several prominent merchants, planters, and other business men. It includes representatives from the different Provinces and of the different political parties. Some of the delegation speak English with fluency; others speak it imperfectly; a few not at all; we believe that they all speak Spanish. Last week they were in Washington, where they were entertained at luncheon by President and Mrs. Roosevelt; this week they will be in Philadelphia and New York; thence they go to Boston and other New England cities; then through the middle Western States to St. Louis, where they are to spend several weeks. They will doubtless be interviewed more or less by American journals. The Filipinos are a characteristically courteous people; guests of America, they are not likely to criticise either the manners or the National policy of their host. The American newspaper is somewhat apt in political and semi-political matters to modify its published interviews according to the prepossessions of the journal or the reporter. These considerations must be borne in mind by the readers of such reports as the press may give of the views of these Filipinos. Without assuming to define with any accuracy these views, and recognizing the difficulty of generalization in such a case, we think, as the result of some conference with members of the delegation, that the following general statements may be accepted by our readers as accurate: While there are differences of opinion in the delegation, probably a majority, we think a considerable majority, desire, not separation from the United States, but closer relations with the United States; not independence, but federation. The tendency is certainly in that direction; that is, some who formerly desired independence now desire federation, none who formerly desired federation now desire independence. A few definitely desire Statehood, others are waiting before they attempt to formulate the relationship of the future; but they all desire to be under the American flag, and they are all desirous to bring to an end as speedily as possible the present anomalous condition in which they are neither aliens nor yet citizens of the United States. They appear to be unanimous in their desire for the organization of a Legislative Assembly to express the national will, but the recognized leaders do not desire to see that Assembly convened until general education has been carried far enough to make the use of the English language common, and so furnish a medium for the exchange of ideas. There is a general recognition of the facts that no Filipino dialect will serve the purpose, that Spanish is essentially a provincial language, and that English is a world language; and they testify to the enthusiasm for the study of the English by both adults and children among all classes of Filipinos. Among the merchants there is an eager desire for American capital and the introduction of American railroads, American machinery, and American methods. There is a difference of opinion on the Chinese question. Some desire the application of the Chinese Exclusion Act as a means of keeping up wages to a healthful standard; some believe, apparently, in a partial admission of the Chinese, owing to the immediate and pressing need for laborers; Chinese traders are not desired. There is a general desire for the freest practicable commercial intercourse between the Archipelago and the United States, absolute free trade being

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the ultimate ideal. In general, it may be said that, whatever their individual ideas as to ultimate federation or separation, these delegates all wish to see the islands adopt American social, industrial, and ethical ideals, and to remain always under American protection.

❀

The Republican Convention

As The Outlook goes to press, the various State leaders of the Republican party are *en route* to Chicago, where the National Convention will be held beginning Tuesday, June 21. Since it has long been a foregone conclusion that President Roosevelt will be nominated, and there is not such great interest over the nomination of the candidate for Vice-President as the importance of the office should inspire, and since the general lines of the platform are pretty well agreed to in advance, the proceedings bid fair to be rather listless, and lacking the zest which a struggle within the party inspires at a National Convention. The gathering at Chicago will have about it the atmosphere of a great Republican festival. This is accepted as the fiftieth anniversary of the Republican party. Several State Conventions were held by the party in 1854, and General Fremont was nominated for the Presidency two years later in 1856. Indeed, a celebration of the fiftieth birthday of the party has been arranged for Jackson, Michigan, where a State Convention was held under the trees on July 4, 1854, and it will be held on the very day when the Democrats are assembling for their National Convention at St. Louis. A feature of the Republican campaign will be the formation of "Old Boy" Roosevelt Clubs, the membership of which will be confined to Republicans who voted in 1854. Senator Allison, who was the Secretary of the Republican Convention of 1860, and announced the nomination of Abraham Lincoln, is mentioned for President of the organization. At this writing the nomination of Vice-President is still very uncertain. The only names prominently mentioned are those of Speaker Cannon, of Illinois, who has many supporters, despite his daily threat to decline; Senator Fairbanks, of Indiana, who has occupied an attitude of not caring for the honor, but has really been regarded as a "receptive candidate;" and Representative Hitt, of Illinois, who has frankly said from the first mention of his name that he would like the nomination and would be glad to accept. Many think Mr. Cannon will be forced to take the nomination, just as Mr. Roosevelt was in Philadelphia, and he is wanted because of his peculiar qualities of popularity which have made him liked everywhere, and especially in the West. The Republican Senators are in favor of Mr. Fairbanks, almost to a man. The Anti-Imperialists are not the only organization that threaten to invade the rooms of the Committee on Resolutions at Chicago and demand recognition in the platform. Bodies that favor reciprocity treaties with Canada and other countries, and others that desire to have the tariff revised by the Republicans, will make a demonstration. Judging from the character of the tariff declarations of a majority of the Republican State Conventions, these demands are not likely to receive patient hearing. Although there is a sentiment in Iowa and Wisconsin for revision and reciprocity, the forces that favored them were badly defeated in the former State and compromised in the latter, and the party leaders seem determined to go before the country advocating the continuance of a protective tariff for protection's sake. The men who want the party to go forward on new lines will, of course, cause some embarrassment at Chicago by quoting the last speech of the late President McKinley at Buffalo, in which he said, "The period of exclusiveness is past." The "stand-patters," as they are called, will answer that on one hand by quoting Mr. McKinley's qualifying remark in his Buffalo speech favoring reciprocity on those things which we did not produce and others which needed no further protection; and, on the other hand, by saying that the Democrats have practically shifted their position to favoring semi-protection, thus approving a high tariff. A catch phrase declaring that the party is not wedded to any particular schedules may be looked for in the Chicago platform, but no promise to revise schedules is expected.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Democrats Fail to Concentrate

The belief of Judge Parker's managers that the New York jurist will obtain the Democratic nomination for President at St. Louis has not been shaken by recent events, but there are signs that the movement to keep the question of candidates open until the delegates assemble, which was foreshadowed in The Outlook long ago, has become very substantial and is working well. Two important Southern States, in which contests were made for instructions for Parker, sent uninstructed delegations. In Kentucky Governor Beckham easily won over the combined forces of Gorman and Hearst, but he did not insist on instructions, although he is recognized as the Parker manager. In Virginia resolutions first for instructions and then for simple indorsement were voted down. Colorado and Utah both defeated instructions for Hearst; and in the former State the entire delegation is claimed for Parker, and in the latter Parker is conceded four of the six delegates. The important States yet to hold conventions are Texas, Illinois, Minnesota, and Missouri. There will be a contest over instructions for Parker in Texas, while Missouri will probably instruct its delegates to vote for Senator Cockrell on the first ballot, and in Illinois there will be a struggle between the Hearst forces and the State leaders, who have selected Representative James R. Williams as a figurehead to keep their lines together. The impressive fact which appeals to the lay reader in the midst of this struggle for instructions is that the conservative Democrats are largely in control, and that a very large proportion of the Convention will be composed of men who are not bound to any candidate and are free to go to some one who has not yet been prominently mentioned, if the qualities of such a one should appeal to them. It is true that Democratic delegates are not usually instructed, and there is a prejudice against instructions in the South. But it has been made clear that the Democracy this year is not going to permit itself to be raided, but is going to select, in the most cold-blooded and matter-of-fact way, the very best material that can be found. Thus far the leaders who have refrained from committing themselves to Judge Parker's candidacy have not united on any candidate to beat him with, and there is indeed no evidence furnished by recent conventions of an organized movement for any "dark horse." This is regarded by experienced politicians as rather indicating that Parker has the best of it. Judge Gray, who has been put forward by his own State of Delaware as a candidate, has discouraged the effort to make him take the field. While he would prefer to see Mr. Cleveland the candidate of his party, he looks on that as impossible, and is inclined to favor Parker. Senator Gorman, of Maryland, is understood to be at the head of the movement to have the delegates go to St. Louis uninstructed, and he will probably contest with David B. Hill, the chief Parker strategist, for the honor of organizing the Convention. A contest between Gorman and Hill for supremacy might easily involve Parker's chances and defeat him. The nominee of the Convention must have 667 votes, or two-thirds of the total number of delegates. Parker will not have more than 250, and that is a liberal estimate; and Hearst will not have more than 150, also a liberal estimate. Thus there will be 600 delegates uninstructed. There will be an effort, in all probability, to nominate Mr. Cleveland, who has repeatedly said he would not accept. Men are not nominated for the Presidency against their will. Mr. Tilden stepped aside in 1880, and Mr. Blaine in 1888. Mr. Tilden's name was not mentioned in the Cincinnati Convention, and Mr. Blaine's friends insisted on presenting his name and he stood seventh in the balloting.

❀

Senator Philander C. Knox

The appointment and probable election of Attorney-General Knox as Senator from Pennsylvania, to succeed the late Senator Quay, is a distinct step in advance. The personnel of the representatives from the Keystone State has not been of the highest order. It may be confidently predicted that the new Senator will raise the standard

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from that of astute manipulation of men in masses to that statesmanship. Some Democratic newspapers have declared that by assenting to Mr. Knox's removal from the Cabinet to the Senate, President Roosevelt has given effective ammunition to his opponents in the coming campaign. They claim that this is so because of the assertion that representatives of the trusts forced the political leaders of Pennsylvania to accept Knox, and that they did so in order to remove from the Attorney-General's office a successful prosecutor of the trusts. While doubtless some use will be made of this by campaign orators who believe their hearers will not investigate below the surface, these newspapers are really reckoning without their host. The host is President Roosevelt himself. The anti-trust activity of his administration is his activity. A Philadelphia paper reports, probably accurately, that, when questioned about this phase of the situation, Mr. Knox replied: "President Roosevelt's anti-trust policies are his own, and my leaving his Cabinet can have no conceivable effect upon them." Even viewing the situation in the most unfavorable light, it remains true that the Nation's possible loss is Pennsylvania's positive gain. But that the Nation will not actually *gain* is by no means certain. Men have frequently been found who have filled the office of Attorney-General of the United States with the ability that is befitting the highest position that a lawyer as an advocate can attain. Brilliant as Mr. Knox's record has been, there is no reason why President Roosevelt cannot secure an Attorney-General who will be fully as successful as Mr. Knox in carrying out the policy of curbing the trusts. It should be remembered that Mr. Knox was appointed by President McKinley, and that President Roosevelt did not choose him because of his ability to enforce the Sherman Act. If the President considers that ability the chief desideratum in the new appointee, he can be trusted to choose one who will have it in abundance and who will be in entire sympathy with that phase of the Administration's work. But the law as to unlawful combinations is in the long run, from one generation to another, as important as the enforcement of the existing acts of Congress, and *Senator* Knox, with his training at the bar as an advocate of corporations and in the Cabinet as a judicial officer of the Government acting in restraint of corporations with monopolistic tendencies, may be more efficient in changing existing law where it may be shown that it ought to be changed than *Attorney-General* Knox could ever have been. On the other hand, there is no reason to fear that the anti-trust policies of the Roosevelt administration will be one whit less strenuous or successful, while, on the other hand, the entire country is to be congratulated in that one of the greatest States of the Union will at last be fittingly represented in the most influential law-making branch of the Federal Government.

❀

Vermont's New Local Option Law

"Thoughtful men," says Justice Brewer, "more and more see that the wise thing is to cast on each community full responsibility for the management of its local affairs," and the correctness of the principle has striking exemplification in the experience of Vermont in the first year of her new local option law, which, more fully than in any other State, adopts the Home Rule idea for the regulation of the liquor traffic. Her new law has, according to the Internal Revenue records, banished that traffic from 69 of the 144 towns in which it existed in the last year of prohibition. It has reduced the number of liquor-sellers in the State from 578 to 306, and from 96 to 25 the number of prosecutions for violation of the law docketed in nine of the fourteen counties. The number of sellers not paying the State license appears by the record of Federal special taxes paid to be only 73, and of these all but about a dozen are in no-license towns. It is believed, however, that even this figure considerably exceeds the number of men actually selling in defiance of State law; this is due to the fact that a good many of the old-time offenders against the prohibitory law at first intended to continue operations under the new one, but quickly concluded that the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

risk was too great. The statistics of the latter part of the year certainly indicate this, and that the second year will record a close approach to complete extirpation of illegal traffic. This extirpation has already been accomplished in license towns with very few exceptions—not over four, so far as the Internal Revenue shows. Montpelier, the capital of the State, for instance, now has but nine sellers, where under prohibition she had nineteen; Burlington now has nineteen, besides druggists, to sixty under prohibition; Bennington eight now to thirty-five under prohibition; and so on among the cities and larger towns. Among the small towns Island Pond, Brandon, Manchester, Poultney, and Putney, as samples, now contain ten liquor-sellers, where under prohibition the number was twenty-eight. Circular inquiries of local authorities regarding the working of the new law bring unfavorable replies from only five out of the whole number of license towns. All the rest in varying degree report great improvement in conditions, especially as regards sales on Sundays, to minors, and to confirmed drunkards, which were almost without restraint under prohibition.

❀

The Moral Gain in Local Option

Perhaps the largest moral gain is the elimination of what District Attorney Jerome calls "the administrative lie" that appeared in the "town agency" traffic provided by the old law, and a sort of prototype of the South Carolina dispensary, except that sales were professedly limited in the Vermont agencies to "medicinal, mechanical, and chemical" uses. The new law replaces the agencies with medicinal druggist licenses, ingeniously guarded, somewhat after the Kansas method, but far more effectually, so as to confine the traffic strictly within medicinal limits. As was to be expected, the advent of license at first brought an apparent increase of drunkenness. As measured by arrests it was over double the recent average in the first three months after the new law got fully into operation. This was perhaps to be accounted for to some extent by more efficient police action and by open appearance of what had before been hidden. However that may be, each three months' period since has shown steady and progressive improvement of substantially 25 per cent. over the preceding one, so that for the quarter ending February 28, of which the returns are now all in, the total of arrests was 667, as against 1,152 for the quarter ending August 31. In this last three months' period seven of the fourteen counties show a lower figure of arrests reached than the average under prohibition. Aside from the guard against its being made a farce through the drug-store traffic—the chief weakness of the Massachusetts system—the one reason that contains all the others, for the gratifying success of the Vermont law, is the completeness with which it lodges power and responsibility with the community, which alone can best and most fully know the conditions it has to deal with. The community interest is stimulated for enforcement of the law by sending revenue and penalties direct to the local treasury, and right before the eyes of the community is marked out the duty to be done, with a requirement that every police officer, sheriff, and constable shall once in three months report under oath before the License Board whether they have "received any information or observed any indications" of illegal selling. Each is also subject to a $200 fine for failure to report forthwith information or complaint from any citizen. The License Board in turn, which has to make full annual report of its doings, is also subject to heavy fine for any neglect of its duty. Under such provisions the community in which a lawless traffic can long flourish is a rare one, and the men who will risk the heavy penalty for illegal selling—$300 minimum, besides possible imprisonment, against a $5 minimum under prohibition—growingly scarce. Prohibition is always substantially a failure on the simple principle stated by Edmund Burke, that a law which attempts to do more than it ought to do always ends by doing less than it ought. Limited license under the local option check nearly always brings improvement, because it stops with prohibiting what good men all agree ought to be prohib-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ited; and the Vermont result seems to show that a law that deals with the utmost severity with traffic outside the license lines is capable of enforcement because the moral sentiment and the obvious interest of the community can alike be rallied to its support.

❀

The Atrocities in the Congo State

Again the maladministration of affairs in the Congo State has been discussed in the British Parliament. Sir Charles Dilke commented last week on the report of the British Consul in the Congo State, Roger Casement, who, it happens, is also acting as United States Consul. In this report Consul Casement gives an account of his meeting with refugee tribes, who told him in simple, pathetic language the story of their wanderings to find rubber for the white men. "We begged the white man to leave us alone," they said, "saying we could get no more rubber, but the white men and their soldiers said, Go! You are only beasts yourselves, you are *nyama* (meat)." The evidence from this official consular report, from the letters of missionaries, and from even the courts in the Congo, justify the statement made by Earl Percy, the British Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who, at the end of a long speech during the same discussion in which Sir Charles Dilke took part, said that the officials in the Congo State were chargeable with "insensate, inhuman cruelty," and that the fair fame of Western civilization was in question. The report of Consul Casement has been communicated to the United States, which has assured the British Government that it would give it careful consideration. The difficulty with action on the part of the United States is that this Government is not a signatory of the Berlin Treaty, and is therefore not empowered under that treaty to take action in the matter; but the fact that the United States was the first nation to recognize the government formed by the International Association of the Congo puts a measure of responsibility on this country somewhat more definitely than do even the obligations of humanity. The stories that continue to come from the Congo give a picture of a state of affairs in certain portions of that State which is so revolting as to be unprintable. The mutilation not only of dead bodies but of living men and women, the slow starvation of prisoners, both men and women, the gross and incredible methods of enforcing a tax which eats up half of the pitifully small yearly income of the natives, the continued, implacable, pitiless terrorizing of peaceable if indolent inhabitants, under the responsibility of a Government which is held by treaty to abstain from every form of oppression, constitute a defiance of the public opinion of Christendom which ought no longer to be tolerated. The Congo Reform Association has done much to enlighten the British public on the subject. Great Britain, which is freer to act in this matter than any other country, is likely to act with certainty if it can be made aware of the moral support of the American people.

❀

The War in the East

The only really important change in the situation in Manchuria last week was an advance of the columns of General Kuroki's forces from his main position at Fengwangcheng to seize and occupy in force two towns. One of these, Siuyen, is on the road from Fengwangcheng to Haicheng, and the advance appears to threaten that place. Haicheng is a strategic point of very great importance, for from it the railroad runs in one direction to Liaoyang and Mukden, and in the other toward Port Arthur, while it commands highroads to Niuchuang and other places. The other town seized by the Japanese, Saimatse, is on a road leading from Fengwangcheng toward Laioyang—not the main road, but one to the east; an advance up this road toward Mukden might avoid the difficult passes at Mutienling, which it seems probable that the Russians have very strongly fortified. At Port Arthur the preparations for the final siege and assault are being made, and a division of Japanese forces has been drawn across the northern end of the peninsula on which Port Arthur stands,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apparently to intercept any possible reinforcements to the Russians. Some accounts state that there has been fighting within six or seven miles of Port Arthur, that the Japanese are vigorously pushing forward trenches and mines, and that heavy siege guns are being brought up as fast as possible.

❀

Mr. Perdicaris and the Bandits

There seems to be a reasonable hope among those acquainted with the facts in Morccco that the release of Mr. Perdicaris and Mr. Varley from captivity is at hand. The reply to the demands of Raisuli has been sent to him by the Sultan, and it is said to be conciliatory in the extreme—the idea being, apparently, to grant, or promise to grant, all that the bandit chief asks until the safety of the two men kidnapped is assured. Letters have been received from Mr. Perdicaris which throw a singular light on the capture. He says: "We have learned that Raisuli's chief object is to secure the release of members of his own Kabyle, unjustly or at least treacherously entrapped and imprisoned by the Bashaw of Tangier, a former friend and foster brother of Raisuli, who had trusted this man and had been betrayed. Whatever ill he may have done, the fact remains that he was betrayed. The ransom demanded is not so much the price of our release as the demand for the recouping of the losses inflicted by order of the said Bashaw, from whom Raisuli claims payment." Still another singular side-light on this kidnapping affair is Mr. Perdicaris's remark that Raisuli himself is "the most interesting and kindly hearted native gentleman that it has been my good fortune to have known." It is evident that, apart from the official action of the Sultan of Morocco, personal negotiations are going on with the bandits —if such they may be called—from two or three different directions, and the outlook, as we write, is for a not remote and satisfactory outcome of this affair. Anything like military action, either by the Powers whose citizens have been kidnapped, by France, or by the Sultan himself, seems at present to be impossible without endangering the lives of the victims of this outrage.

❀

College News

The Commencement season opened last week, and is marked by the graduation of very large classes and by reports of progress in many institutions. On Wednesday Columbia University conferred nearly a thousand degrees in course, and bestowed academic honors on Mr. Root, Judge Coxe, and Bishop Greer, among others; and President Butler announced the gift of $250,000 to be used in the erection of a building for the School of Mines. He also intimated that definite announcements would be made next autumn in regard to the shortening of the college course. The discovery that the rocky formation of the heights on which the University campus stands contains a percentage of copper has led to the determination to open a mine under the campus in which each student will have his turn at tunnel-driving and shaft-sinking. It is proposed to sink a shaft from the sub-basement of the new School of Mines to the depth of fifty or more feet, and run tunnels in various directions from it, equipping the mines with the best modern machinery of every kind and introducing all the modern devices. ——At Union College the Honorary Chancellor's address was delivered by Bishop Doane, of Albany, upon whom was conferred the degree of D.C.L.—— Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina, one of the foremost of the institutions of higher learning in the South, is to receive an important enlargement by a further gift from the Duke family, who have already so heavily endowed the College. The gift is to take the form of a Woman's College to be directed in connection with Trinity and to be under its supervision.—— One of the most interesting questions now in discussion in the academic field is the possibility of securing some form of co-operation or organic unity between Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. At the Alumni dinner of the Institute held in Boston on Wednesday of last week nearly a thousand graduates were present, and the discussion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turned largely on the possibility of securing amalgamation in some form.—— The Commencement exercises at Vassar were somewhat interfered with by the rain, but without and within the College showed the most substantial evidences of the great advance which it has been making for a number of years past. Dr. Taylor announced that the total subscriptions to the endowment fund amounted to $171,834, Mr. Rockefeller having offered to double all contributions to the fund up to $200,000.——The Schools of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, have just awarded what is said to be the largest amount in scholarships and prizes ever available for this purpose in the history of art, $18,450, of which $17,500 comes from the Cresson Prize Memorial Fund. Upon this foundation there are now abroad five students who receive $1,000 each, three of whom are represented in the Paris Salon this year. Five more students are now sent abroad with $1,000 a year each for two years. A former student who has distinguished himself by appearance in the Salon has been awarded a year's scholarship of $500; and four students have been sent abroad with what are called Summer Scholarships, covering a period from June to September, each receiving $500.——A new Hall of Science was dedicated, with an address by President Remsen, at Wofford College, Spartanburg, South Carolina, one of the most interesting and influential of the smaller Southern colleges, over which Dr. Carlyle presided for so many years, bringing to his work the qualities of the old type of college president represented in the North by Mark Hopkins and Francis Wayland.

❀

The Jubilee of the University of Wisconsin

One of the significant events of this year's Commencement season was the jubilee celebration, last week, at the University of Wisconsin, the chief feature of which was the formal inauguration of Professor Charles R. Van Hise, the distinguished geologist, as President of the University. The Commencement of 1904 marks the fiftieth anniversary of the graduation of the first University class. From a feeble, sparsely attended frontier college, with a faculty consisting of three instructors, the institution has grown, nourished by the bounty of a growing State, into a strong and wisely administered University, with a student body numbering over 3,100 and a faculty of 250, with great technical schools which make it unnecessary for the Wisconsin boy or girl to come East to obtain an education, and with libraries and other facilities for research which are attracting graduate students from every part of the country. Following the example of Michigan, her neighbor on the east, Wisconsin has built up a system of public instruction in which Huxley's "educational ladder" is the embodied ideal. From kindergarten to professional school, the State provides the schooling of all her children. The high schools in the various cities of the State are fitting schools for the University. Nowhere do we find a closer approach to the educational democracy that Jefferson preached. President Van Hise is himself a product of this system. The first graduate to be intrusted with the administration of the University, he is also the first native of Wisconsin to be thus honored. With the exception of President Bryan, of the Indiana University, there has been, we believe, no previous instance of any of the Middle Western States conferring upon a "native son" the headship of her highest educational institution. The celebration of this jubilee reminds us that these vigorous State Universities, beginning with Michigan, and projecting themselves westward across the continent, have reared up bodies of alumni who may be expected in the future to take an increasingly active part in directing the affairs of Alma Mater. So far as the corps of instruction are concerned, dependence on the Eastern colleges and universities is growing noticeably less from year to year.

❀

A Notable Library

The recent dedication of the John Carter Brown Library building at Brown University was an academic event of the first im-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

portance. The building is described as a very beautiful and complete structure, and the exercises were on a level in interest with the importance of the occasion, the principal address, on "The Historical Library in the University," being given by Professor Frederick J. Turner, of the University of Wisconsin, one of the foremost of the younger group of historical students in this country. The keys of the new building were presented by the four-year-old son of the donor of the library, who died before his gift had taken form. Columbia, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Wesleyan, Oberlin, Wellesley, Mount Holyoke, and Clark Universities were represented, and a considerable number of librarians and historical students were in attendance. The building, which is of the Grecian order with a base of granite and a superstructure of Indiana limestone, is classic in form and of imposing simplicity. It represents the gift of $150,000 left by the late John Nicholas Brown, a son of Mr. John Carter Brown, for the erection of a suitable building, with an additional endowment of five hundred thousand dollars. The important part of the gift, however, is the collection of books, which is valued in money at more than a million dollars, but which is invaluable because many of the books which it contains could not be replaced. It is, in fact, one of the greatest collections of books in America, and the finest collection of Americana in the world. It is not a popular library in any sense of the word; it is a repository of invaluable material for scholars; a collection of books to which every historian of America must turn when he touches the history of the country prior to the year 1801. Its collection of the early colonial writers, Winslow, Williams, Hooker, Norton, Cotton, Eliot, the Mathers and their contemporaries, is unsurpassed, while Pennsylvania and the Southern colonies are represented by many of the rarer and practically all the better-known records in which their early history was contemporaneously published. It is a great repository of material relating to early Spanish America; and not even in the City of Mexico can the early history of Mexico be studied as in the John Carter Brown Library. It is strong also in American linguistics, in American ethnology, and in the literature of the Revolutionary period. It is, in a word, the most complete workshop in the world for the historian of America.

❀

A Theological Conference at Yale

During the three days occupied by the recent Commencement exercises of the Yale Divinity School, an afternoon was devoted to addresses, followed by discussion, upon the subject of the Incarnation; first, as a revelation of God; secondly, as the revelation of what man may be; thirdly, in its saving efficiency. In the first two addresses, by Dr. G. H. Beard, of Burlington, Vermont, and the Rev. W. W. Ranney, of Hartford, it was maintained that the early creeds had not said the final word. They had been at fault in conceiving of deity and humanity as natures of different kinds. The identity of the two must be insisted on. The Incarnation was not a solitary event, but a process culminating in a great event, the appearance of a man who was without sin, ideally human. Incarnation meant, first of all, the indwelling of God in his world, especially manifesting himself in his highest creature, man, and most fully in Jesus, the perfect man. Of his divinity there could be no doubt. But divinity in Jesus differs from divinity in the best of other men in degree, not in kind. Jesus drew upon divine resources, but only such as are available for us. Otherwise he could not be, as the New Testament represents him to be, entirely imitable by us, as in ages of higher spiritual development than the present he will prove to be. It is through the fact of his humanity that we come to the fact of his divinity. Because he is perfectly human he is also divine. The following address by Dr. H. F. Rall, of Baltimore, expressed partial dissent in indefinite terms from the foregoing positions, together with belief that the immanence of God was limited by the fact of sin. A devotional tone and spiritual elevation with a positive and constructive purpose characterized these addresses, while the unsatisfactory work

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the creed-makers was keenly criticised. In the discussion which followed no clear dissent from the positions taken was expressed, but there was an apparent disposition to hold them for further reflection. The most important point added in the discussion was that Jesus' perfect ethical oneness with his Father is not to be spoken of as "merely ethical," since the oneness of any two persons could not be perfectly ethical without being also metaphysical. This conference was significant for its freedom from all obscurantism on a subject as to which open thought is greatly needed, and for a clear laying down of the lines of thought which thoroughgoing theism, in the fullest light of science and philosophy, prescribes for the study of the nature of Christ. It is of secondary importance how such views may be labeled, for the time has gone by when labels pass for arguments among scholars. The controversy concerning the human and divine elements in the person of Christ began in the sub-apostolic age and has continued to the present. The discussion at Yale goes beyond any thus far reported, from within the lines of "progressive orthodoxy," toward an outline of a higher synthesis of truths, in which the parties to this controversy are to be reconciled in the adequate recognition of whatever of real truth has lain at bottom of their contrary propositions.

❀

Competitive Examinations in India

The report that Lord Curzon has abolished competitive civil service examinations in India has been seized upon by some opponents of the civil service system in this country as practical evidence that the system is not workable. As a matter of fact, Lord Curzon has not abolished competitive examinations for the civil service; the step which he has taken does not affect in the least the examinations which are held in Great Britain and which are open for competition to the young men who are eager to enter the Indian civil service. It is not in any sense a reversion to the antiquated spoils system which the English gave up some time ago, having discovered that it was unscientific, unbusinesslike, and inefficient. Lord Curzon's action relates only to the subordinate native service composed of Hindus who are receiving an English education. This education has long been the object of serious criticism, as shallow and distinctly utilitarian. It aims almost exclusively to prepare young men to pass the examinations for the civil service. In other words, it is a well-organized and rigidly narrow system of cramming for examination; and it has been discovered that men who are prepared in this way, and who succeed by reason of this cramming in passing the prescribed examinations, have no general fitness for the delicate and sometimes difficult tasks which are confided to them. Lord Curzon has abolished these examinations and substituted the ordinary school examinations and the record of students as regards character, industry, and ability. In other words, he has changed one test for another, not adopted a system of favoritism.

❀

The Issue in Colorado

We publish in another column an account of the tragical events which are making Colorado just now a seat of what is worse than war. For war is carried on by responsible States, under recognized rules of warfare; but in the present insurrection in Teller County, Colorado, neither is there an organization which recognizes itself as responsible for the assault on the community, nor do the assassins recognize any laws such as regulate all honorable warfare. All war could be avoided if both the contestants were animated by a spirit of justice and fair dealing and by a desire for peace. Most wars could be avoided if either of the contestants were so animated. If Senator Hanna had controlled the mine-owners and Mr. Mitchell the miners, these scenes of violence and cruelty could not have occurred. If either Mr. Hanna had controlled the mine-owners *or* Mr. Mitchell had controlled the miners, these scenes probably would not have occurred. Neither party

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can be held guiltless before the bar of public opinion. And the terrible tragedy in which the long conflict has culminated ought to serve as a warning to both capitalistic leaders and labor leaders, and indeed to the whole country, of the always to be expected result when those who ought to regard themselves as partners in a common enterprise regard themselves as soldiers in a relentless war.

The Outlook will make no attempt to partition between the miners and the mine-owners the blame for the present condition of affairs. That both are to blame we have no manner of doubt. But whatever difficulty may attend the answer to that question, there can be no difficulty in answering the more immediately important question, What is the duty of the citizens of Colorado now? That duty is to give instant, vigorous, united, and uncriticising support to the authorities of their State. The flamboyant proclamation by leaders of the Miners' Union which we reported week before last was a declaration of war against the State. It was so regarded by certain of the rank and file. The wholesale murder perpetrated at Independence was a natural result. The Miners' Union must be held morally, if not also legally, responsible for the natural consequences which have ensued from the inflammatory proclamation of its officers. It is said that the authorities are endeavoring to break up the Miners' Union. They ought to do so: not because it is a union, but because it is an organization whose officers have summoned it to make war against the State, and because in its name and on its behalf, as a result of that summons, war has been made against the State; whether by officers and members of the union or not is a matter of only secondary importance. It is said that the Governor of the State has exceeded his legal powers. It may be, although the decisions of the the courts appear to support the legality of his actions. But this also is a question of secondary importance. When the fundamental right to life and liberty is denied, when the spirit of wholesale murder is abroad in the land, when men are massacred for exercising the right to earn their daily bread by honest labor, and presses are wrecked by a mob for counseling readers in favor of peace and order, whoever has the *power* to quell the mob, capture the criminals, and re-establish peace has the duty of doing so, whether the law has conferred the power upon him or not. If the Governor had not acted, it would have been the duty of a volunteer vigilance committee to act. The question for the citizens of Colorado in the present exigency is not what legal powers has the Governor; the only question for them is how they can give him power, legal or illegal, to quell the mob, to capture the criminals, to repress disorder, to re-establish peace. By the acts of violence perpetrated, not merely in the name of the Miners' Union, but in response to the appeal of its authorized leaders, society in that section of Colorado has been resolved into its original elements, and the law of self-preservation supplants all other laws.

We add the expression of our conviction on two secondary yet important questions. The military authorities have been deporting the supposedly disorderly miners in considerable numbers beyond the confines of the State. This they have no right to do; not only because it is a flagrant violation of private rights, but because it is unjust to the other States. No State has a right to make a neighboring State a Botany Bay for its own criminals. If by the laxity of their administration the citizens of Colorado have allowed a criminal population to grow up within their borders—and this seems to be the case—they have no right to evade the consequences of their own neglect by bestowing upon their neighbors that population when it becomes unbearable. It is also officially reported that the Portland mine, which was operated by union and non-union men on the "open shop" plan, has been closed by the military authorities, on the ground that "it is employing and harboring large numbers of dangerous, lawless men . . . and now is a menace to the good people of said county, and a hindrance to the restoration of peace and good order." We do not doubt the right of the authorities to close a mine, for such a reason, temporarily, much as the mayor of a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

city has a right to blow up buildings in case of fire, in order to prevent the further spread of the conflagration. But such an order is necessarily temporary in its effect, and as soon as peace and good order are restored must necessarily be revoked. And that such will be the decision of the courts, if they are appealed to, we cannot doubt. The right of men to organize and maintain a labor union is not at present involved in Colorado. It is possible that the mine-owners may be unwise enough to attempt to raise that question; but the only question now involved is, Has an organization, which is in its form and by its constitution peaceable, a right to continue to claim the protection of the State after its officials have summoned its members to make war upon the State, and war has been made? And to that question there can be but one answer.

❀

Laurence Hutton

The death of Mr. Laurence Hutton at his home in Princeton, New Jersey, on Friday of last week, was not wholly unexpected, but no prolonged illness could have prepared his friends to receive the news of his going without poignant sorrow; for Mr. Hutton was one of those men who have a rare faculty of endearing themselves to their associates, a genius for making even casual relations personal and affectionate. He had many claims upon the attention and regard of the foremost men of artistic temperament of his time; for he was born to be the companion of men of light, of generous ideals, and of artistic activity. He was born in a home founded on the highest personal integrity and furnished with many generous interests and associations; for his father was a scholarly Scotchman, clear-minded, self-contained, but of a rare warmth of heart. Laurence Hutton began to love books as a child, and in his youth to collect them. He had also, from a very early time, unusual opportunities of foreign travel, and there were many parts of the Old World which he knew as well as he knew the city of his birth. He was early drawn to the theater, and some of his first work with the pen was the writing of dramatic criticisms. He did not discover his vocation as a writer until he had had some business experience; but after he had decided that he was to live by the pen his loyalty to his profession was intense and his industry unremitting. The number of his published volumes is said to be nearly fifty. He edited many books of dramatic biography and history, and was for a time one of the editors of "Harper's Magazine." Possessed of independent means, he had of late years devoted himself almost entirely to literary reminiscences, the successive volumes of "Literary Landmarks" bearing witness to his intimate knowledge of localities and his taste for what may be called the personal side of literature. His large collection of death-masks has long been known to the public, and represented a vast amount of thought and travel. Of its kind it was one of the most complete in the country, and one of the most interesting.

It was, however, as a friend that Laurence Hutton was most deeply regarded by those who knew him, and that he will be long remembered. He had a genius for friendship; a gift for drawing men to him and holding them, which was as distinct and as individual as the gift of writing verses or the painting of pictures. He made no special advances to men, he rarely gave expression to his warmest emotions, he never seemed to set before himself the making of friendships as an end; and yet, by reason of his sincerity, his simplicity, his unfailing geniality, his willingness to help and to be helped, the time, thought, and care which were always at the disposal of his friends, he came to be a kind of incarnation of friendship to a great group of men. His entire relation to life was intensely personal. His old-time home in this city, under the roof of which probably more men of artistic and literary distinction had been received than under any other in New York, and later his delightful house in Princeton, were furnished with associations, memorials, and records of every kind registering the warm regard in which he was held. Presentation copies of books,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

autographed photographs, personal letters, covered his walls, and these had been secured, not, as in some cases, by personal solicitation, but had come to him in all the varied relations of his manifold friendships. His literary work was full of the same quality of personal relationship. His biographies, his account of his boyhood, the several volumes of his "Literary Landmarks," all bear witness to the fact that his supreme interest in literature was not from the artistic but from the personal standpoint. His books were often written in the first person, not because he was an egotist, but because, when he wrote, he was always writing about his friends. Among those friends he counted nearly all the men of letters of his time, the foremost actors and artists, and a group of less famous people to whom he was loyal in all the interests of life. Such men are rare in any time, and they never go out of life without leaving a sense of impoverishment behind them.

❀

Infinity, Immortality, and Love

And then, so the legend runs, these immortal lovers found not only the secret of joy but of life. Through uncounted ages they had thought about life, probed it, searched it, penetrated it by a thousand paths; now, at last, they lived. The slumbering divinity within them awoke; they were enveloped in a flood of light; all manner of half-understood things became clear; up from the depths of being countless springs gushed forth and fertilized them; and with a passion of energy, born of their swift discernment of the unfulfilled power hidden in their souls, they poured out their creative power like a flood. Through all the secret places of their spirit swept the imperious impulse to surrender, to give the divinest that was in them. Their happiness radiated like the benignant glow of a flame vast enough to warm the world. It searched and lighted every hidden and secret place; it sank into the earth, and sent a thrill through the roots of things great and small concealed in the darkness; it filled the air as with a finer ether, and the breath of it became a caress that drew every delicate and beautiful thing out of its hiding; and through the stars it shone with a soft and kindling radiance as if the beauty of the invisible heavens had passed into the arching sky.

But it was not alone the silent filtration of the divine nature that set all the pulses of life and joy beating in the new earth; it was also the shaping thought seeking in every man the sources of life that it might fill them, and the passionate love eager to share with all the fulfillment and function of the divine nature come at last to a knowledge of itself and to the possession of its own.

The lovers went about the earth, and as they passed the world grew beautiful about them, and that which lay in their hearts formed a language for itself in the color of flowers and the songs of birds, in voices soft with all gentleness and rich with all the deeper meanings of things, in fields which overflowed with fertility and flung waves of grain to the very edges of the woods and far up the mountain sides, in forests which spread their vast foliage like a protecting shield over brooks vocal with the peace of undiscovered springs and pure with the innocence of virgin depths of shade.

As they passed, the lovers looked at men and found them burdened with care and bent under toil and encompassed with strange fears; and they gave them strength for labor, and security from anxiety, and peace amid their struggles; and men became as happy children whom the gods shielded from all harm and protected from all danger; but as yet they knew not they were men, with the joys and the anguish and the bliss of love.

And when the lovers saw how fair the world was, and how abundant were its harvests, and how sweet was the lot of man without thought of the morrow or the poignant bliss of the stirring of the soul within them, they were content and rested from their labors; and the blossoming world was a bower of delight to them. And the years passed like a shadow over the face of the sun, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men had no history; for they were children of the day and knew not the vastness and mystery that enfolded them. And still love grew deeper and more tender between the immortals, and they had no speech for it; and their happiness, which stirred the earth with flooding life, and poured light through the wide arch of heaven, had no echo in the souls of men. Then the longing for speech became a pain to the lovers, and they knew that something was held back which might be given; that something of the divine power within remained still to be put forth in order that men might understand and in understanding become akin with themselves; for a zone of silence lay between the immortals and the happy children whom they had created.

So on a radiant morning they touched the spirits of men with a new power of comprehension, and love entered into the hearts of all that bore the human image; and suddenly the universe swept into view, and men knew that they were the children of the gods; for within the mortal mind, as in a richly carven lamp, the light of the divine shone forth and men looked into one another's faces and understood whence they had come and whither they were going, and the awe and wonder of it fell on their souls. The lovers knew also that love alone had been lacking, and that with the gift of love there had come to men the knowledge of infinity and immortality; so that they had power at last to enter into fellowship with the immortal lovers who had builded the earth and made it a garden of delight to the eye. For there is no word for infinity and immortality in any language, divine or human, but the word love; for nothing save love has compass enough to hold and to express the life of the gods. For its fulfillment love needs the limitless range of eternity and the boundless vastness of infinity. Amid the things that perish it knows itself imperishable, and in a world of limitation it knows that it is illimitable. As it pours itself out in utter surrender it fills the springs that it may have more to bestow; as it passes over the bounds which confine and baffle it, the ardor for a vaster range of life and speech and action lifts it on stronger wings for a farther flight. Alone in a perishing earth it abides, untouched by time and change and decay; alone in a life of limitation it knows that it is free to compass all things, to survive all mutation, and to escape death by the power of its immortality.

❀

The New Criticism and the New Theology

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am a conservative in theology, but I trust that I am open-minded and fair. I have read The Outlook for several years because it has seemed to me to take a course which has been straightforward and courteous. For that reason I read with keen interest the recent editorial on the position of the Higher Criticism. Having been so good as to make so clear what the Higher Criticism is, I am all the more interested to know what, in the view of one of its most eminent adherents, are its results in certain domains of doctrine. I should deem it a great favor to have the following questions answered. I assure you that they are asked in the best of faith.

Does the Higher Criticism dispense with the new birth, on the ground that all men are born children of God, with privileges and powers that are non-forfeitable?

Does the Higher Criticism dispense with the mediation of the death of Christ for sin, and substitute, for our salvation, the culture and development of what man already has?

Has the Higher Criticism any place for Jesus except as a teacher and an example and inspirer of right living?

Does the Higher Criticism substitute development or evolution for revelation, and teach that God has made no revelation to man in any supernatural way, but that man by aspiration and experience has himself found God? Does it teach, in short, that God did not reveal himself to man, but that man found his way to God?

From the editorial in The Outlook it would seem that the Higher Criticism has expunged all miracles from the Old Testament—in fact, has eliminated everything supernatural. By the same canon, is there any necessity to regard any of the miracles of the New Testament as literal occurrences? Are they not to be regarded merely as figurative expressions, symbolical of spiritual truths?

According to the Higher Criticism, is Jesus to be considered any other or more than a mere man, differentiated from other men, even the greatest of other men, by exceptionally great characteristics, just as the highest peak in a mountain range stands higher than other peaks which themselves tower above the average range?

Regardless of where or how they enter

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into this question, do not the Higher Criticism and Unitarianism come out of it hand in hand? If this question is answered in the affirmative, does it not explain the present movement to unite the Congregational and the Unitarian churches, and will not that union be almost entirely upon the Unitarian system?

Your editorial speaks of the Higher Criticism as having eliminated the unbelievable portions of the Bible. Up to the time the Higher Criticism eliminated or explained away these unbelievable portions, which persons and nations showed the greater gain in progress and character—those who believed the Bible or those who rejected it?

Granted that the Higher Criticism has proved the Bible to be a compilation of falsehood, fiction, poetic imagery, legend, tradition, and some trustworthy historical facts, have we any good reason for believing any longer that the Bible contains any supernatural, authoritative "Thus saith Jehovah"?

C. T. J.

The so-called Higher Criticism has nothing to do with such topics as inspiration, regeneration, and atonement; only indirectly does it bear upon the question of the character of Jesus Christ; it is related to the question of miracles, but is not determinative of them, and it confirms the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

The Higher Criticism has to do with the structure, date, and authorship of the books of the Bible. Is the Book of Ruth history, or fiction, or historical fiction? Who wrote it? When was it written? It is evident that when these questions are answered the question still remains to be answered, Is it inspired, and if so, to what extent and in what sense? The answer to that question does not depend at all upon the answer to the other questions. Fiction may be inspired, as the Parable of the Prodigal Son. History may be uninspired, as Cæsar's Commentaries. Most Biblical scholars regard the four Gospels as inspired; few or none regard the Gospels of the Infancy as inspired. The reason of this judgment is not to be found in the date or authorship of the books, but in the character of the books themselves.

As the reality, nature, and degree of inspiration do not depend on the judgment of critics concerning the structure, date, and authorship of the books of the Bible, so neither do the doctrines of regeneration and atonement. Does human nature need a radical change in order to be conformed to the divine ideal, or even to the highest human ideals, or does it merely need a little trimming and varnishing and polishing? Is suffering redemption? Does it, if properly apprehended, help to cure, to medicate, to develop, to re-create men? Does it belong to the highest as well as to the lowest? and as suffering and sacrifice for others, is it truly and literally a divine experience which man shares with God just in the measure in which the bearer partakes of the divine nature? Or is suffering, as Christian Science tells us, a mere figment of our own imagining, which by our own creative intellect we are to abolish from the world? or is it an accident, a mischance, an evil interposition, which has no place in a benficently ordered world? The answer to these questions does not depend upon the question who wrote the Epistle to the Romans. Religious truth was not created by Moses and Paul. It was discovered and is interpreted by them. They have revealed, unveiled, disclosed it to us. The truths that suffering is redemptive, and that human nature needs essential, radical, deep-seated changes in order to become pure and true and noble and heroic and loving, and that these changes are being wrought in human nature by an influence that is so far infinite that it transcends all our measuring, though it does not defy our recognition, no more depends upon the question when and by whom the Epistle to the Romans was written than the truth that the earth revolves around the sun depends upon the question when and where Copernicus was born.

The Higher Criticism has a more direct reference to miracles, the resurrection of Jesus Christ and his Person and character, though it is by no means determinative of these questions.

The question of miracles is partly one of definition, partly one of evidence. When a miracle is defined, as it sometimes is in popular discussion, as "a violation of the laws of nature," it seems impossible to one who believes that God is in all nature, and that all nature is the expression of his will; for it is quite impossible to believe that God violates

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his own nature in order to make evident his presence and his power. But if we accept the Century Dictionary's definition of miracle as "an effect in nature not attributable to any of the *recognized* operations of nature, nor to the act of man, but indicative of a superhuman power, and serving as a witness thereof," the question whether such events have taken place is simply a question of evidence. When, fifty years ago, Dr. John Kitto, whose orthodoxy was unquestioned, said, writing of the feeding of Elijah by the ravens, that the opinion that he was fed by Arabs "is probably the one that persons free from any previous bias would spontaneously select as the most probable," he did not eliminate the supernatural from the Bible. As little do Professors Bartlett and Peters eliminate the supernatural from the Bible because their study of the Old Testament leads them to take this narrative out of Hebrew History and insert it among Hebrew Tales—in short, to regard it as a legend incorporated in history, as in that age legends were incorporated without attempt at discrimination. Our correspondent has misunderstood The Outlook in thinking it intended to imply that the Higher Criticism has expunged all miracles from the Old Testament. On the contrary, we think it tends to confirm the substantial historical truthfulness of the narrative of the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites. And, by showing, as it has now in our judgment conclusively shown, that all Four Gospels were accepted by the Christian Church as the historical basis of their faith at or near the beginning of the second century, that is, within seventy years of the death of Christ, and that the First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians was probably written by the year 51 or 52 A.D., that is, within less than a quarter of a century of Christ's death, it has done much to confirm faith in his resurrection, as much indeed as well could be done by a science purely devoted to literary, historical, and critical problems.

As to the Person and work of Christ, the faith of his disciples in him does not rest upon questions of date, authorship, and literary structure. The study of these questions has, indeed, demolished Strauss's popularization of Baur's theory that they were theological treatises written for a purpose, and established beyond all reasonable question that they are edited memorabilia from wholly artless narratives, possibly written, probably at first oral, and possessing in themselves the evidence of unquestioned sincerity and simplicity. It has proved, too, that John Stuart Mill was right in saying that the Evangelists have not idealized their Master, since it is evident that all their ideals were derived from him—they have rather dimmed than glorified the original by their portraitures. Faith in his essential divinity rests upon his character and work, first as it is portrayed in these Gospel narratives, and second as it is set forth in the history of his influence and its effect in the development and redemption of human society, by all that has been done in his name and by his power since his death and resurrection.

If we have not answered all our correspondent's questions, we trust he will attribute the failure, not to intentional reserve on our part, but to the fact that it is not easy to compact a whole system of Biblical Criticism and Philosophical Theology into an editorial. Perhaps his otherwise unanswered questions may be sufficiently answered by the expression of our conviction that the net result of the modern view of the Bible will be an increased value, through a more rational estimate put upon the Bible, a profounder and more intelligent apprehension of the great vital articles of Christian faith as they have been held by the Christian Churches in all ages, including the revelation of God in Jesus Christ, and the hope of the world, individual and social, in him as the Saviour of mankind, an elimination of accretions of human tradition and human philosophy which have always obscured and sometimes perverted the simplicity of the Gospel, a greater reverence for Jesus Christ and a more loyal and simple following of him, and, above all, a more vital sense of the Living God, as One who is as truly in the events of life and in the hearts of men to-day as he has ever been in the history of the world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAPAN AT WAR[1]

BY GEORGE KENNAN

Special Correspondent of The Outlook in the East

TO one who has traveled through Russia in time of peace, and through Japan in time of war, nothing is more surprising than the contrast presented by the two countries in what may be called external evidences of military activity and power. When I visited St. Petersburg for the last time, two and a half years ago, indications of potential, if not of actual, war were to be seen at almost every step. Armed sentries stood beside black-barred sentry-boxes in front of all the palaces, hospitals, and government buildings; large bodies of troops, fully equipped for field service, marched at frequent intervals across the bridges that spanned the Neva, or through the broad avenues that radiated from the Admiralty; mounted orderlies, carrying messages or reports, were constantly riding to and fro between the War Office and the other executive departments; showily dressed gendarmes watched the arrival and departure of all railway trains and steamers; army officers in brilliant and endlessly varied uniforms crowded the station platforms and restaurants; and, at certain times of day, it would have seemed to a casual observer on the Nevski Prospect as if a quarter of the entire population of the city must be in the service of the Government, and as if three-fourths of that number were officers of the army or navy. St. Petersburg, in short, looked like the capital of a nation which, if not actually engaged in hostilities, was always ready to fight and abundantly able to wage war with ability and vigor.

When I arrived in Yokohama, on the Empress of India, three weeks ago, I naturally looked for some such suggestions or indications of war as a newcomer might see, for example, in Cronstadt or Odessa; but I looked in vain. Our steamer passed the forts off the entrance to Tokyo Bay without formalities or detention; the only officers who came on board were the quarantine doctors; there were no gendarmes or secret police to meet us and watch us suspiciously when we landed at the custom-house pier; our baggage was passed without declaration or search; we walked along the Bund to the Grand Hotel without meeting a single army or navy officer; and, subsequently, we rode for miles through the city without seeing a single sentry-box, a soldier, or a sign of military activity. Such an experience as this would not have been possible in any Russian city or town between St. Petersburg and Irkutsk; and least of all would it have been possible in one of the principal seaports of the empire, situated at a distance of only eighteen miles from the capital.

When I came to Tokyo, five days ago, I again expected to see in the streets, or at least in the vicinity of the executive departments, some evidences of military activity—something to show that Japan was engaged in war; but Tokyo proved to be as quiet and peaceful as Yokohama. In the course of a twenty-mile jinrikisha ride through the city, I saw a solitary sentry, standing at the gateway to one of the imperial palaces; two mounted orderlies, riding toward the Ministry of War; and three small detachments of troops—six hundred or eight hundred men, perhaps, in all—who were marching in the direction of a railway station. With these exceptions there was absolutely nothing to suggest war, or even preparation for war; and yet Japan already had two large armies in the field and was mobilizing a third; immense quantities of provisions and ammunition were being

[1] Copyright, 1904, by the Outlook Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sent to the front; coal, to the amount of tens of thousands of tons, was being shipped from Nagasaki to the Japanese war-ships in Pechili Strait; and whole fleets of transports were engaged in the work of carrying troops to the Liaotung peninsula; while Tokyo—the administrative center of all this military activity—was as quiet and peaceful as the city of Washington in the month of August. In Russia there was the show of military power with comparatively little efficiency; in Tokyo there were intelligent organization, perfect system, and real power, without the least display.

In all branches of the Japanese military service the chief aim of officers and men seems to be to combine the greatest possible efficiency with the utmost economy of effort. "Some months ago," said a retired officer of the British navy to me, "I had an opportunity to see the Japanese put a big ship into dry-dock. We think, at home, that we can do that sort of work as well as anybody, and perhaps we can, but we make a good deal more fuss over it than the Japanese do. If we had been docking that ship, there would have been more or less noise, confusion, and running to and fro; the air would have been filled with cries of 'Heave away there forward! 'Slack off that stern line!' or hastily shouted orders of one sort or another; and with these commands would have been intermingled a lot of unnecessary talk and profanity; but it wasn't so in Japan. That big ship moved into the dry-dock with perfect smoothness and precision, and took exactly the position she was intended to take, without noise or excitement, and without any apparent worry on the part of the Japanese who had the work in charge. Now and then an officer would wave his hand, or make some preconcerted signal with a boatswain's whistle, but I didn't hear a single vocal order given, from first to last. It was as pretty a job as I have ever seen. But the Japanese make jolly little row about anything. During the Chino-Japanese war I saw them land troops in small boats on the coast of Korea, and they did it in the same quiet, systematic way, and in half the time that it would have taken us. Before our Tommies would have got out of the boats the Japs were all ashore, had lined up in company formation, and were marching swiftly back into the interior, without any talk, without any shouts of command, and without the least confusion or disorder."

This perfection of organization is the result, of course, of intelligent forethought, well-ordered discipline, and incessant practice on the part of both officers and men; and to it is attributable in large part the success that the Japanese have thus far had both at sea and on land. The object of Russian military training, as the casual observer sees it in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Omsk, or Irkutsk, is, apparently, to make a striking and brilliant show of military power; while the object of the Japanese seems to be to create a fighting machine and accomplish results by the most direct and effective methods and with as little show and parade as possible. I doubt very much whether, in Russia, a whole army corps was ever entrained or embarked, secretly and noiselessly, in the latter half of a single night; but in Japan this has been done again and again. Less than a month ago a large fleet of transports steamed quietly into a Japanese harbor after midnight, took on board fifteen or twenty thousand soldiers who had also entered the city after midnight, and got away before daybreak with so little commotion that even the foreign newspaper correspondents who were there knew nothing about it until the next day. The only large body of Japanese troops that I have yet seen was on board the fleet of transports which passed us in the night near the Strait of Shimonoseki, and which must have got out of the Inland Sea before daybreak that morning. The Japanese, as a rule, embark troops at night, when they are least likely to be observed, and in order to do this quickly and noiselessly on a large scale they must have perfect discipline and a wonderful organization. In the short time that I have spent in Japan, and with the comparatively limited opportunities for observation that I have yet had, this contrast between the Russian and the Japanese military establishments and meth-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ods is the thing that has impressed me most forcibly.

Organization and discipline, however, will not win battles unless the men who compose the organized and disciplined armies are brave, steadfast, and resourceful; and this consideration brings up another feature of the military situation which must impress deeply every observer in Japan, and that is the courage of her soldiers and the devoted and self-sacrificing patriotism of her people. It has frequently been said that Japanese courage is nothing more than Oriental fatalism, but the remark seems to me unjust and misleading. The Japanese soldier does not fight bravely because he regards his fate as irrevocably fixed in such a way that neither courage nor cowardice can change it. He goes cheerfully and fearlessly to death, when necessary, for the simple reasons that he loves and is proud of his country, that death is a civic duty which he owes to "Dai Nippon," and that his friends and kinsfolk—the men and women who waved flags over his head and shouted "*Banzai!*" when they bade him good-by—are expecting him to choose death in preference to disgrace without a moment's hesitation and without a single regret.

When Captain Yashiro, of the Japanese battle-ship Asama, bade good-by to the men who had volunteered to take the blocking steamers to the entrance of Port Arthur, he gave them to drink from a large silver loving-cup filled with cold water—as if he were giving them the wine of the sacrament[1]—and said to them, "In sending you on the duty of blocking the harbor entrance of Port Arthur—a duty which affords you only one chance out of thousands to return alive—I feel as if I were sending my beloved sons. But if I had a hundred sons I would send them all on such a bold adventure as this; and had I only one son, I should wish to do the same with him. In performing your duty, if you happen to lose your left hand, work with your right; if you lose both hands, work with both feet; if you lose both feet, work with your head, and faithfully carry out the orders of your commander. I send you to the place of death, and I have no doubt that you are ready to die; but I do not mean to advise you to despise your life, nor to run needless risks in trying to make a great name. What I ask of you all is to do your duty regardless of your life. The cup of water that I now offer you is not meant to give you courage—it would be shameful if our men needed Dutch courage to go to the place of death—it is only to make you representatives of the honor of the Asama. Submit your life to the will of Heaven, and calmly perform your duty."

This, certainly, is not the language of "Oriental fatalism." It is such a speech as any patriotic American would wish to have one of his own naval commanders make to a party of volunteers whom he was sending "to the place of death" in defense of country and flag.

Shortly after the first attempt to block Port Arthur, Second-class Sergeant Hayashi, of the battle-ship Mikasa, who had taken part in it and had returned unhurt, sent a letter to his family in which he said: "When I wrote you the other day from the Tenshin Maru, I told you that I expected to die at 4 A.M. on the 24th; but, quite beyond our expectations, not one of the seventy-seven men engaged in that undertaking was killed or wounded. . . . The next time volunteers are wanted, I mean to try to get permission to go again. In that case, this may possibly be the last letter that I shall write to you."

Although this brave seaman expected to die a violent death "at 4 A.M. on the 24th," his expectation was not, in any proper sense of the word, "fatalistic." His anticipation of death was based on an intelligent appreciation of the desperate risk he was about to run, as a member of a forlorn hope; and when, contrary to his expectation, he came back alive, he was ready to volunteer again and go "to the place of death" a second time. Such courage would seem to be Anglo-Saxon rather than Oriental, and the men who possess it may fairly claim to be our kindred in spirit, even although they are alien in blood. Few

[1] When near relatives in Japan part, without any expectation of ever meeting again, they drink by turns from a cup of cold water as they bid each other a last good-by.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

things in the Anglo-Saxon literature of war are simpler, finer, or more heroic than the address of Captain Yashiro to the men whom he was sending to death, and the letter in which Sergeant Hayashi informed his family that he had expected to die "at 4 A.M. on the 24th," but, having returned unhurt, he should volunteer again.

Many years ago, when the talented and lovable Russian painter Vassilli Verestchagin, who went down with the battle-ship Petropavlovsk, was exhibiting his collection of Russo-Turkish war pictures in New York, he pointed out to me a sketch in color that he had made of a certain hilltop, overlooking Plevna, where the commanding General of a Russian division and his staff had their field headquarters, and where they sat in camp-chairs and watched, day after day, the desperate and bloody assaults made by their troops upon the Turkish intrenchments. "That sketch, in its original form," said Verestchagin, "showed the whole hilltop strewn with empty champagne and vodka bottles; but one of the Grand Dukes who saw it after my return to Russia made me p int all the bottles out. They were there, though, when I made the sketch, and I did not exaggerate their number nor give them undue prominence."

The Russian Government now professes to be fighting the battle of European civilization against Asiatic barbarism; but the Russian general sitting in a camp-chair on a Turkish hilltop amidst a litter of empty champagne and brandy bottles does not compare favorably with the Japanese captain standing on the deck of his battle-ship and giving a cup of cold water—the symbol of last parting—to the volunteers who were going "to the place of death."

The courage and self-sacrificing devotion of the Japanese soldier are only a reflection of the patriotism of the Japanese people. Patriotism, it has been said, is the religion of Japan; and in no other country—not even in my own—have I seen it burn with a brighter flame. All classes of the population go to the railway stations with flags, banners, and transparencies to see off soldiers bound for the front, and before a train starts, or when it stops for a moment in passing, scores of Japanese women, whose ordinarily impassive faces are lighted up with enthusiasm and excitement, rush eagerly forward and hand to the soldiers through the windows lunch-baskets, little paper bags of candy, printed cards which perhaps bear words of cheer, encouragement, or farewell, and small packages of decorated towels, which cost about two cents apiece, and which are used as headkerchiefs and for a variety of other purposes by both sexes. In the country, between railway stations, hundreds of men, women, and children stand in the fields beside the track for hours, in pouring rain, merely to have an opportunity of waving their hands to a train loaded with troops as it passes; and on the backs of Japanese women I have seen dozens of babies who, I am sure, could hardly say "mamma," clenching the sticks of little paper flags in their tiny fists and waving them toward the soldiers with feeble cries of "Banzai!"

"Two or three days ago," said a Japanese school-teacher to an acquaintance of mine in Tokyo, "I heard accidentally that some of my pupils were going without food—or at least giving up certain meals—so as to save a little money to be contributed to the war fund. Yesterday I made an investigation, and upon asking the scholars how many of them had eaten breakfast that morning, I found that ninety out of one hundred and forty were regularly going without that meal, and had been doing so for weeks, in order to lessen the family expenses and save a few sen to be devoted to war purposes."

The earnings of the average Japanese family are scanty at best, and the pitiful sum saved by going without a breakfast of rice and fish, even when multiplied by ten million, is not likely to strengthen appreciably the financial credit of the Government; but the spirit manifested by such self-sacrifice is an important factor in any great national undertaking, and it will play its part in the present war. The Japanese—even to the lowest and poorest—know what they are fighting for; and they are ready to bear any burdens and submit to any privations for the sake of the men north of Port

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arthur and beyond the Yalu. Of this the Japanese troops are well aware, and the private soldier who learns through a letter from his school-boy brother that his family is going without breakfast in order to save a little money to help keep him at the front is not likely to falter when the time comes for action, nor will he hesitate even when he is sent by his commanding officer to a "place of death."

I was much interested at Yokohama in seeing the way in which the Japanese common people get their news of the war. Newspapers are not sold by boys in the street, nor are special despatches posted, as a rule, on bulletin-boards, as in America. Everybody who can afford to take a newspaper at all is a regular subscriber; and when "extras" are issued—often two or three times a day—they are carried around by a bare-legged boy in sandals, who wears a coat of dark-blue cotton with a big, red-rayed sun on the back and inscriptions in white Japanese letters down the sides in front, and who carries on his left hip, suspended from a belt, a little cluster of bells which look like old-fashioned tea-bells and have precisely the sound of sleigh-bells. The jingle of these bells, as the boy runs from place to place at a dog-trot, attracts universal attention, and at the Grand Hotel it was the signal for a general rush of guests and employees to the door. The sound of small bells, jingling together in measured cadence, has been so long and so closely associated in my mind with sleighs and winter that I find it hard to establish a new mental connection between it and Japanese war news; and for the first three or four days I invariably felt a little shock of surprise when a sleigh seemed to stopped at the door, and, running to the window, I saw only a boy with a big red sun on his back distributing scraps of paper that looked like small, cheap handbills. In Tokyo some of the newsboys cry "extras" in the streets; but in Yokohama they all ran silently from place to place, with only the jingle of sleigh-bells to announce their coming.

The common people in Japanese cities get their most vivid impressions, if not their most accurate knowledge, of the war from the cheap war books and large, highly colored lithographs which are sold in hundreds of places by small dealers in pamphlets, stationery, and photographs. Scores of pictures representing pyrotechnic naval battles or desperate hand-to-hand combats between mounted Russian Cossacks and Japanese infantry are hung up on strings in front of these shops, and at any hour of the day groups of Japanese, with a sprinkling of Chinese, may be seen gazing at them with absorbed attention but in perfect silence. Russian peasants would make comments upon them, or talk about them among themselves; but the Japanese seldom do, although they fully appreciate them and are quick to see the point of a pictorial satire or joke. Nearly all of these pictures bear explanatory legends in English as well as Japanese; but the "English as it is Japped"—to use an expression of Mr. Chamberlain—is very queer; as, for example, "The Martial Field Encampment of the Japanese;" "The Party of Bazoku breaking down the railway;" "The Cavalry of the Reconnoissance attaking Russian Cavalry and occupied the city of Taeshiu;" "The severe war at the neighborhood of Chong-Ju;" and "Nursing of our Hygiean company on the Field battle."

Humorous and satirical pictures are almost as common as pictures intended to represent the real events of the war, and some of the former show a keener appreciation of fun and absurdity than the Japanese are generally given credit for. The fun, of course, is at the expense of the Russians, whose weaknesses and failures are brought out pictorially with great cleverness. One cartoon, for example, represents three bears dragging a Russian battle-ship up the steep slope of a high, snow-covered hill, in order to get it away from the Japanese torpedo-boats. Another double picture shows, above, a party of Russian naval officers watching a ballet dancer in a theater, and, below, the same officers returning to their ships and finding only the topmasts of the latter above water. This is apropos of the statement that at the time of the first attack on Port Arthur the commanding officers of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russian battle-ships were all attending a theatrical entertainment on shore. It bears the legend, "Negligence is a great enemy." Then there are pictures of the Russian Gulliver asleep, with Lilliputian Japanese soldiers climbing over his body by means of scaling-ladders, and planting a flag on his head; pictures of Japan in the guise of a fish, holding chop-sticks in one fin and looking at the head of a Russian sailor which has just been brought in on a plate, garnished with greens, for luncheon; pictures of fur-clad Russians building a railway over tremendous ice-hummocks on Lake Baikal; pictures of Bre'r Rabbit taking off his hat to a Russian bear sinking in a torpedoed battle-ship; and a picture of General Kuropatkin sitting in a railway car between two outward-facing locomotives, with a submarine fort lashed on the roof and a captive balloon attached to one of the platforms. This is entitled "The Russian Headquarters," and is intended to convey pictorially the idea that when the commander-in-chief travels he is prepared to retreat either way on land, to escape through the air, or to take refuge under water, according to the nature of the emergency.

One of the brightest of the Japanese cartoons is printed in blue, on a cheap cotton towel, and represents Viceroy Alexiev running for first base on a ball-field. The pitcher—a Japanese sailor with arms akimbo and a grin on his face—has just thrown the ball to the first baseman, twenty feet ahead of the Admiral, and the English legend is "Out!!!" It might be supposed that a baseball cartoon would be unintelligible to the Japanese, but our national game has been introduced here as well as in the Sandwich Islands, and there are nines in Tokyo and Yokohama that could keep down the score of the best amateur teams in the United States, even if they could not defeat them.

When I arrived in Yokohama, three weeks ago, I fully expected to learn that all of the American war correspondents had gone to the front; but upon making a trip to Tokyo, a few days later, I found Richard Harding Davis, of "Collier's Weekly," John Fox, Jr., of "Scribner's," Franklin Clarkin, of the New York "Evening Post," and about thirty-five other European and American newspaper men, waiting impatiently at the Imperial Hotel for permission to join one or another of the Japanese armies. At that time five or six American correspondents, including Frederic Palmer, were in northern Korea, and were supposed to be watching the campaign in the valley of the Yalu; but, for some reason as yet unknown here, all or nearly all of them returned yesterday to Kobe, so that the whole force of American newspaper men on the Japanese side, with the exception of a few cruising in despatch-boats off the coast of the Liaotung peninsula, is now in Japan.

The course pursued by the Japanese Government with reference to the press has been much criticised, and has caused, naturally, a great deal of dissatisfaction; but upon a fair survey of the situation and of the conditions of modern warfare, it seems to me that the policy adopted by the Japanese general staff is fully justified. In this era of world-wide intercommunication by means of land lines and submarine cables, an item of news with reference to the movement of an army or a fleet which leaks out anywhere goes at once into the hands of the enemy. This cannot be wholly prevented by censorship, because it is easy to devise a cipher that will be innocent on its face, but that will convey forbidden intelligence clearly enough, and fully enough, to ruin a whole campaign. The only way, therefore, to insure the absolute secrecy upon which strategic advantage in war depends is to keep newspaper correspondents away from the front. Japan has had the sagacity and the moral courage to do this, and no one, it seems to me, has a right to complain. War is not waged to make news; it is waged, in this case at least, for national existence, and if it can be carried on more successfully without newspaper men than with them, it is not only the right but the duty of the Japanese Government to keep them within such bounds or subject them to such restrictions as will prevent them, absolutely, from knowing what movements will be made or are being made in the field. They cannot be telegraphically gagged, but it *is* pos-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sible to keep them where they can neither see nor know. If correspondents were allowed to follow the Japanese armies and fleets on horseback and in despatch-boats as they followed our army and fleet in the Cuban campaign, Japan would have to play the game of war with her cards face up on the table—and games are not won in that way. Russia is a powerful and dangerous antagonist; and if the Japanese admirals and generals are victorious in the fight that they have undertaken, their success will be due, in great part, to the rapidity and secrecy of their movements.

It is not improbable that the day of the war correspondent has passed. Facility of telegraphic communication throughout the world has made him almost as dangerous as a spy, and the example set by Japan is likely to be followed hereafter by every great power that finds itself engaged in war.

Yokohama, Japan.

THE MOUNTAINS[1]

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE FOREST," "THE BLAZED TRAIL," "THE SILENT PLACES," ETC.

IV.—On How to Go About It

ONE truth you must learn to accept, believe as a tenet of your faith, and act upon always. It is that your entire welfare depends on the condition of your horses. They must, as a consequence, receive always your first consideration. As long as they have rest and food, you are sure of getting along; as soon as they fail, you are reduced to difficulties. So absolute is this truth that it has passed into an idiom. When a Westerner wants to tell you that he lacks a thing, he informs you he is "afoot" for it. "Give me a fill for my pipe," he begs; "I'm plumb afoot for tobacco."

Consequently, you think last of your own comfort. In casting about for a place to spend the night, you look out for good feed. That assured, all else is of slight importance; you make the best of whatever camping facilities may happen to be attached. If necessary, you will sleep on granite or in a marsh, walk a mile for firewood or water, if only your animals are well provided for. And on the trail you often will work twice as hard as they, merely to save them a little. In whatever I may tell you regarding practical expedients, keep this always in mind.

As to the little details of your daily routine in the mountains, many are worth setting down, however trivial they may seem. They mark the difference between the greenhorn and the old-timer; but, more important, they mark also the difference between the right and the wrong, the efficient and the inefficient, ways of doing things.

In the morning the cook for the day is the first man afoot, usually about half-past four. He blows on his fingers, casts malevolent glances at the sleepers, finally builds his fire and starts his meal. Then he takes fiendish delight in kicking out the others. They do not run, with glad shouts, to plunge into the nearest pool, as most camping fiction would have us believe. Not they. The glad shout and nearest pool can wait until noon, when the sun is warm. They, too, blow on their fingers, and curse the cook for getting them up so early. All eat breakfast and feel better.

Now the cook smokes in lordly ease. One of the other men washes the dishes, while his companion goes forth to drive in the horses. Washing dishes is bad enough, but fumbling with frozen fingers at stubborn hobble-buckles is worse. At camp the horses are caught, and each is tied near his own saddle and pack.

[1] Copyright, 1904, by the Outlook Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The saddle-horses are attended to first. Thus they are available for business in case some of the others should make trouble. You will see that your saddle-blankets are perfectly smooth, and so laid that the edges are to the front, where they are least likely to roll under or wrinkle. After the saddle is in place, lift it slightly, and loosen the blanket along the backbone so it will not draw down tight under the weight of the rider. Next hang your rifle-scabbard under your left leg. It should be slanted along the horse's side at such an angle that neither will the muzzle interfere with the animal's hind leg nor the butt with your bridle-hand. This angle must be determined by experiment. The loop in front should be attached to the scabbard, so it can be hung over the horn; that behind to the saddle, so the muzzle can be thrust through it. When you come to try this method, you will appreciate its handiness. Besides the rifle, you will carry also your rope, camera, and a sweater or waistcoat for changes in temperature. In your saddle-bags are pipe and tobacco, perhaps a chunk of bread, your notebook, and the map—if there is any. Thus your saddle-horse is outfitted. Do not forget your collapsible rubber cup. About your waist you will wear your cartridge-belt with six-shooter and sheath-knife. I use a forty-five caliber belt. By threading a buckskin thong in and out through some of the cartridge-loops, their size is sufficiently reduced to hold also the 30–40 rifle cartridges. Thus I carry ammunition for both revolver and rifle in the one belt. The belt should not be buckled tight about your waist, but should hang well down on the hip. This is for two reasons. In the first place, it does not drag so heavily at your anatomy, and falls naturally into position when you are mounted. In the second place, you can jerk your gun out more easily from a loose-hanging holster. Let your knife-sheath be so deep as almost to cover the handle, and the knife of the very best steel procurable. I like a thin blade. If you are a student of animal anatomy, you can skin and quarter a deer with nothing heavier than a pocket-knife.

When you come to saddle the pack-horses, you must exercise even greater care in getting the saddle-blankets smooth and the saddle in place. There is some give and take to a rider; but a pack carries "dead," and gives the poor animal the full handicap of its weight at all times. A rider dismounts in bad or steep places; a pack stays on until the morning's journey is ended. See to it, then, that it is on right.

Each horse should have assigned him a definite and, as nearly as possible, unvarying pack. Thus you will not have to search everywhere for the things you need.

For example, in our own case, Lily was known as the cook-horse. She carried all the kitchen utensils, the fire-irons, the ax, and matches. In addition, her alforjas contained a number of little bags in which were small quantities for immediate use of all the different sorts of provisions we had with us. When we made camp, we unpacked her near the best place for a fire, and everything was ready for the cook. Jenny was a sort of supply store, for she transported the main stock of the provisions of which Lily's little bags contained samples. Dinkey helped out Jenny, and in addition—since she took such good care of her pack—was intrusted with the fishing-rods, the shot-gun, the medicine-bag, small miscellaneous duffle, and whatever deer or bear meat we happened to have. Buckshot's pack consisted of things not often used, such as all the ammunition, the horse-shoeing outfit, repair-kit, and the like. It was rarely disturbed at all.

These various things were all stowed away in the kyacks or alforjas which hung on either side. They had to be very accurately balanced. The least difference in weight caused one side to sag, and that in turn chafed the saddle-tree against the animal's withers.

So far, so good. Next comes the affair of the top packs. Lay your duffle-bags across the middle of the saddle. Spread the blankets and quilts as evenly as possible. Cover all with the canvas tarpaulin suitably folded. Everything is now ready for the pack-rope.

The first thing anybody asks you when it is discovered that you know a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little something of pack-trains is, "Do you throw the Diamond Hitch?" Now the Diamond is a pretty hitch and a firm one, but it is by no means the fetish some people make of it. They would have you believe that it represents the height of the packer's art; and once having mastered it, they use it religiously for every weight, shape, and size of pack. The truth of the matter is that the style of hitch should be varied according to the use to which it is to be put.

The Diamond is good because it holds firmly, is a great flattener, and is especially adapted to the securing of square boxes. It is celebrated because it is pretty and rather difficult to learn. Also it possesses the advantage for single-handed packing that it can be thrown slack throughout and then tightened, and that the last pull tightens the whole hitch. However, for ordinary purposes, with a quiet horse and a comparatively soft pack, the common Square Hitch holds well enough and is quickly made. For a load of small articles and heavy alforjas there is nothing like the Lone Packer. It too is a bit hard to learn. Chiefly is it valuable because the last pulls draw the alforjas away from the horse's sides, thus preventing their chafing him. Of the many hitches that remain, you need learn, to complete your list for all practical purposes, only the Bucking Hitch. It is complicated, and takes time and patience to throw, but it is warranted to hold your deck-load through the most violent storms bronco ingenuity can stir up.

These four will be enough. Learn to throw them, and take pains always to throw them good and tight. A loose pack is the best expedient the enemy of your soul could possibly devise. It always turns or comes to pieces on the edge of things; and then you will spend the rest of the morning trailing a wildly bucking horse by the burst and scattered articles of camp duffle. It is furthermore your exhilarating task, after you have caught him, to take stock, and spend most of the afternoon looking for what your first search passed by. Wes and I once hunted two hours for as large an object as a Dutch oven. After which you can repack. This time you will snug things down. You should have done so in the beginning.

Next, the lead-ropes are made fast to the top of the packs. There is here to be learned a certain knot. In case of trouble you can reach from your saddle and jerk the whole thing free by a single pull on a loose end.

All is now ready. You take a last look around to see that nothing has been left. One of the horsemen starts on ahead. The pack-horses swing in behind. We soon accustomed ours to recognize the whistling of "Boots and Saddles" as a signal for the advance. Another horseman brings up the rear. The day's journey has begun.

To one used to pleasure-riding the affair seems almost too deliberate. The leader plods steadily, stopping from time to time to rest on the steep slopes. The others string out in a leisurely procession. It does no good to hurry. The horses will of their own accord stay in sight of one another, and constant nagging to keep the rear closed up only worries them without accomplishing any valuable result. In going uphill especially, let the train take its time. Each animal is likely to have his own ideas about when and where to rest. If he does, respect them. See to it merely that there is no prolonged yielding to the temptation of meadow feed, and no careless or malicious straying off the trail. A minute's difference in the time of arrival does not count. Remember that the horses are doing hard and continuous work on a grass diet.

The day's distance will not seem to amount to much in actual miles, especially if, like most Californians, you are accustomed on a fresh horse to make an occasional sixty or seventy between suns; but it ought to suffice. There is a lot to be seen and enjoyed in a mountain mile. Through the high country two miles an hour is a fair average rate of speed, so you can readily calculate that fifteen make a pretty long day. You will be afoot a good share of the time. If you were out from home for only a few hours' jaunt, undoubtedly you would ride your horse over places where in an extended trip you will prefer to lead him. It is always a question

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of saving your animals, and that is well worth considering.

About ten o'clock you must begin to figure on water. No horse will drink in the cool of the morning, and so, when the sun gets well up, he will be thirsty. Arrange it.

As to the method of travel, you can either stop at noon or push straight on through. We usually arose about half-past four; got under way by seven; and then rode continuously until ready to make the next camp. In the high country this meant until two or three in the afternoon, by which time both we and the horses were pretty hungry. But when we did make camp, the horses had until the following morning to get rested and to graze, while we had all the remainder of the afternoon to fish, hunt, or loaf. Sometimes, however, it was more expedient to make a lunch-camp at noon. Then we allowed an hour for grazing, and about half an hour to pack and unpack. It meant steady work for ourselves. To unpack, turn out the horses, cook, wash dishes, saddle up seven animals, and repack, kept us very busy. There remained not much leisure to enjoy the scenery. It freshened the horses, however, which was the main point. I should say the first method was the better for ordinary journeys; and the latter when, to reach good feed, a forced march becomes necessary.

On reaching the night's stopping-place, the cook for the day unpacks the cook-horse and at once sets about the preparation of dinner. The other two attend to the animals. And no matter how tired you are, or how hungry you may be, you must take time to bathe their backs with cold water; to stake the picket-animal where it will at once get good feed and not tangle its rope in bushes, roots, or stumps; to hobble the others; and to bell those inclined to wander. After this is done, it is well, for the peace and well-being of the party, to take food.

A smoke establishes you in the final and normal attitude of good humor. Each man spreads his tarpaulin where he has claimed his bed. Said claim is indicated by his hat thrown down where he wishes to sleep. It is a mark of pre-emption which every one is bound to respect. Lay out your saddle-blankets, cover them with your quilt, place the sleeping-blanket on top, and fold over the tarpaulin to cover the whole. At the head deposit your duffle-bag. Thus are you assured of a pleasant night.

About dusk you straggle in with trout or game. The camp-keeper lays aside his mending or his repairing or his note-book, and stirs up the cooking fire. The smell of broiling and frying and boiling arises in the air. By the dancing flame of the camp-fire you eat your third dinner for the day—in the mountains all meals are dinners, and formidable ones at that. The curtain of blackness draws down close. Through it shine stars, loom mountains cold and mist-like in the moon. You tell stories. You smoke pipes. After a time the pleasant chill creeps down from the eternal snows. Some one throws another handful of pine-cones on the fire. Sleepily you prepare for bed. The pine-cones flare up, throwing their light in your eyes. You turn over and wrap the soft woolen blanket close about your chin. You wink drowsily and at once you are asleep. Along late in the night you awaken to find your nose as cold as a dog's. You open one eye. A few coals mark where the fire has been. The mist mountains have drawn nearer, they seem to bend over you in silent contemplation. The moon is sailing high in the heavens. With a sigh you draw the canvas tarpaulin over your head. Instantly it is morning.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Church and the Trade-Union in Agreement

By George Hodges

Dean of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge

THERE is much natural misunderstanding between the churches and the unions. They speak quite different dialects of the English language, and it is not easy for anybody to interpret the one to the other fairly. At the same time, there are fundamental agreements. In a true sense, we all mean the same thing. We are all open, as I hope to show, to the same criticisms. We are alike in being sometimes right and sometimes wrong. The history of the unions is singularly near to the history of the churches. We are tempted to the same blunders. The only errors of the union concerning which I have any qualification to speak are those which I am able to understand because they are equally the errors of the church. For better and for worse, the church and the union stand together.

The first agreement of the church with the union is in the fact of variety.

People sometimes speak of the union as if that name stood for a single type of the organization of labor; but the truth is that the unions are as different as the churches. Some are large and some are small; some are old and some are young; some are orthodox and some are conservative. There are unions which are disposed to go into politics; while there are others which oppose such an association with all their might. So it is in regard to Socialism; so in regard to industrial peace and war. There are unions which have a strike every few weeks; there are other unions which have not had a strike for forty years. Anybody who begins to talk about the church may properly be interrupted after the first sentence and asked, "What church do you mean? Are you discussing the Catholics or the Congregationalists? Do you refer to the Presbyterians or to the Unitarians? Are you criticising the Methodists or the Mennonites?" Plainly there are differences. So there are among the unions.

The church and the union are alike in the reasonable demand to be judged by their best rather than by their worst, by their saints rather than by their sinners, by their ideals rather than by their blunders. They ought to be estimated by their official statements, not by the wild speeches which men made in the preliminary debate. They are represented by their representative men, not by their heretics or their schismatics; by Bishop Lawrence and Bishop Potter, by Mr. Gompers and Mr. Mitchell. There are all sorts of churches and unions, but the only fair basis of praise or blame of the church movement or of the union movement is that which rests upon such churches and unions as are well established after long experience.

The second agreement of the church with the union is in the fact of unity; along with all this variety of character goes a unity of purpose.

This purpose is held in common by all good unions and by all good churches. It is the purpose to benefit the community. It is expressed in the phrase of our common Master when he said that he came not to be ministered unto but to minister. That is the ideal of us all.

It is true that the churches are sometimes criticised for caring less for earth than they do for paradise. It is said that their energies are mainly directed toward the life to come, and that they are altogether too contented with bad conditions in the life which now is. They want to go to heaven; whereas the right desire is to bring heaven down.

It is true that the unions are sometimes criticised for an opposite defect. It is said that the life of the spirit has no meaning for them, and that what they are exclusively concerned about is pres-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ent and material prosperity. They want more wages and less hours, and better houses, and a fairer share of comfort.

That is, the churches act as if man had no body, while the unions act as if he had no soul. The churches treat him as if he were an angel; the unions treat him as if he were an animal. It is hard to put a right proportion of emphasis on all sides of life at the same time. It is not to be wondered at if the church on the one side and the union on the other have omitted matters of importance. They have not done so with intention. We are all intent alike on the highest welfare of the whole man. But the physician has his proper work in dealing with the flesh, and the priest in dealing with the spirit. The union and the church stand in a like relation. A man ought to belong to a union in order that he may lift the level of common life for himself and for his fellows. Generally speaking, that cannot be done in any other way. The union is essential to the material welfare of the hand worker. The same man ought also to belong to a church in order that he may develop himself on the spiritual side, keep alive in his soul the conscience of the unseen and eternal, and be helped to meet his daily temptations and to do his daily duty. The church and the union, like the priest and the physician, will each do better service by coming to a better understanding.

To this criticism which the church and the union are in the habit of making, one against the other, is to be added another criticism which is often made by outside persons against them both. When we maintain that our supreme purpose is to set forward the welfare of the community, they reply with some bitterness that in very truth neither of us, neither church nor union, cares for anything except our own advantage.

What we really want, they say, is power and money and our own good.

That is at the heart of the present opposition of the French Government to the monasteries and the church schools. These religious folk, they cry, do not care for France: all that they care for is the increase of their order. If they were believed to be the servants of the people, honestly devoting themselves in the name of Jesus to the general good, asking for no return, they would be blessed rather than cursed of all their neighbors.

The same feeling is at the heart of the present widespread hatred of the trade-union. People look upon it as a secret society, intent on its own selfish purposes, and wholly regardless of the republic. They find it practically impossible to distinguish between the monopoly of labor and the monopoly of capital. Anyway, it is a monopoly; that is, it is an endeavor of a few to get the better of the many.

These, of course, are misjudgments. They may be based on facts: there are selfish churches and there are selfish unions, which deserve all the hard things that can be said against them. But we know, who view these things from within, that the church and the union alike are actuated by a great, unselfish purpose to do good. We are all working for the kingdom of God, for the advancement of all that makes for common justice, and righteousness and peace and joy. We are making many blunders, and some of them are bad ones; we are beset not only by the difficulties of the situation but by the weaknesses of our own human nature; we are abundantly open to criticism. We know that. But through all that we do, even through our folly, runs one high purpose, never wholly lost to sight—the purpose to make it possible for every human being to live the life which is proper to a child of God.

Among many agreements between the church and the union I find a third in the fact that they are learning the same lesson.

The problem is how best to advance our common purpose. We all know by experience that this is a most difficult undertaking. The writer of the Psalm showed a good working knowledge of human nature when he spoke of the man who "hated to be reformed." Most men hate to be reformed. Churches and unions, like all other associations for improving the community, find this out. But men who ought to be reformed must somehow be brought

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

under the influences of reformation. The question is, how to do it.

The churches, being a good deal older than unions, were the first to undertake this hard matter, and they have certain things to say about it as the result of experience. The chief conclusion of the experience is this, that no good cause is helped by compulsion. Men are brought to think aright and to act aright by being convinced, not by being compelled.

The question of the attitude of the union toward the non-union men is in all material respects like the question of the attitude of the church toward the heretic and the schismatic. The church, like the union, is certain of the righteousness of its own cause. It believes that the welfare of the whole community is involved in the Christian organization. And here it greatly exceeds the union, for while the union man claims that his society is necessary to the salvation of the laboring class in this present life, the churchman asserts that his society is essential to the salvation of all people, of all classes, both in this world and in the next. No unionist, in the very extremity of his enthusiasm, has ever said so much as that.

But the heretic and the schismatic weaken the church. They attack and endanger the glorious cause. They bring into peril the immortal soul of man. They keep back the fulfillment of the will of God. I am trying to show the union man that the churchman is able to understand how he feels because he occupies the same position. The union has never in its moments of deepest anger spoken of the scab as the church has spoken of the heretic. Did you ever read the major excommunication? The union has never punished a man who is accused of stealing his neighbor's job, as the church has punished the man who is accused of destroying his neighbor's soul. Our custom was to burn such persons over a slow fire.

We have been through it all, from the least to the greatest and the worst. We have made use of the strike and the boycott to an extent which fills whole chapters of history. We have not hesitated, when we had a point to gain or an enemy to hurt, to lay a whole nation under an interdict, whereby the people were deprived of the necessaries of the spiritual life. When Mary was the Queen of England, you remember what we did. We got a law passed that nobody except an official of our union should baptize or confirm, or administer the sacrament of the altar, or marry, or even bury, in all the realm, under pain first of fine, then of imprisonment, and then of death. Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were burned at the stake as non-union bishops. You know what we did as the Amalgamated Association of Congregationalists and Presbyterians. We cut off the head of a non-union king. You remember how we behaved in Massachusetts in the matter of the open State. There is no difference in principle between the open State and the open shop. The question was, Shall we permit non-unionists to share with us in the government? And we said, No. Not a man shall hold a public office or even cast a vote unless he is a member of the church. And we whipped the non-union Baptists and the non-union Quakers, beating them with scourges through the streets of our chief cities.

It never did us any good. It never brought our cause to victory. It led straight to defeat always. We have tried the policy of compulsion to the uttermost, and we assert as the total result of our experience that it is a policy of tragic blunder. We tried it in all honesty of purpose, for the general good, with a clear conscience, in the sight of God. It seemed to us, as it seems to-day to many a union, that it was the only thing to do. How can a man stand by in silence while a strike-breaker steals the bread out of the hands of his hungry children? How can a man be passive and peaceable while a heretic is poisoning the wells of truth? We did just what the union does: We struck the heretic, intending thereby to do right and serve heaven. But we have to say that every such blow damaged our own cause and helped heresy. For human nature works that way.

Institutionalism and individualism are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alike ordained of God. He has implanted in our souls the instinct of association, and the instinct of independence also. They are both sacred. Both must be maintained. And in this Nation both will be maintained, in spite of all possible protests of the unions or of the churches. Men must be permitted to enter with all freedom into any kind of legal combination, whether we like it or not. And men must be permitted, if they choose, to stay outside all combinations, unmolested. The corporation which opposes the organization of its men, and the union which refuses to work at the same trade with the independent workmen, have each of them much to say for themselves, but after all is said, the fact remains that they are contending against universal and eternal laws of human nature. And it is like contending against the law of gravitation.

I will not say that even the church has learned this lesson to the last page and has got it all by heart. It is one of the most difficult of the lessons of the book of life. God forbid, then, that the church should criticise the union for its treatment of the non-unionist, in any other than a sympathetic spirit. It is both bad and vain, and we are bound to say so. But we found that out by doing the same thing, and being punished for it. The union is following in the steps of the church. It is learning the same lessons; it is going through the same experience; it will reach the same conclusion.

The Women of America[1]

Eleventh Paper—The Mother in the Tenement Home

By Elizabeth McCracken

WHATEVER else we may relinquish as the world grows older, whatever else we may acquire, it is certain that we shall never lose that reverence which a mother inspires in our hearts; it is not conceivable that we shall ever find any person, however gifted and good, whose title to our deep regard can exceed that of the true mother. Notwithstanding occasional attacks, the underlying principle of human society remains unshaken; and the members of that society whose vision is clearest continue to see that if a home is to be made, a woman must make it; that the woman who best makes it is a mother. The making has never been easy for the mother even when she has had every aid; but it has always been possible for her if she has had but one aid—her own tender and brooding love for her children.

The mother who is compelled by conditions over which the most brilliant sociologists have not yet discovered a means of control to make a home in a tenement-house in a large city, too frequently has but little else to help her; and to hinder her she almost unfailingly has obstacles scarcely less great than her love itself. The patience, the courage, and the sweetness of soul with which so often, even under the most difficult circumstances, she accepts the duty apportioned to her, and endeavors to fulfill its requirements faithfully and fully, are as significant as they are inexpressibly beautiful.

In the course of my work in tenement districts I have found many such mothers; each one making a home which, however poor it might be in respect to material things, was very rich indeed in the more abiding things of the spirit. One of these women comes swiftly to my mind whenever I think of the power and the mystery of that marvelous love which it would seem that motherhood alone can give or understand.

At the time when I met her first she was earning a somewhat meager living for her husband, who was an invalid, and for her five little children, the oldest

[1] Copyright, 1903, by the Outlook Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of whom was not yet nine years of age, by washing dishes and scrubbing floors in the kitchen of a small restaurant. One of my friends had mentioned her to me, and asked me to help her. By way of immediate response, I had adapted for the use of the woman's oldest little girl a dress given to me for the purpose by the small daughter of another friend. The former owner of the dress had been in the habit of having its extreme simplicity modified for her by the adornment of a lace neck-frill; and almost unthinkingly I had fastened a similar dainty arrangement in the collar of the dress before sending it to the little girl in the tenement.

Her mother sent a message of thanks to me. "She wished me to tell you that the dress fits perfectly," the messenger began, "and to say that it will keep her little girl neat and warm all winter. She was delighted with it."

"I'm glad she was pleased," I commented, during a momentary pause on the part of my friend.

"Well," continued the messenger, "she certainly was pleased—particularly with the frill."

"The frill?" I questioned.

"Why, yes," was the reply, "the little frill in the collar. She liked that better than anything else about the dress. It was so ladylike, she said."

My interest was completely awakened by the choice of this particular adjective on the part of the woman from the tenement; and one day, knowing that she was at home, I went to call upon her. Her home consisted of two tiny rooms in a dark and squalid tenement-house; but those two rooms, as I immediately perceived, were exquisitely clean and orderly. The floors had been newly scrubbed, the stove, and even the kettle, shone; and at the windows there were little curtains, fresh and smooth and white.

The mother was a young woman, with eyes like blue field flowers. When she had greeted me, she said a few words to her older children, and they came slowly forward and offered their hands, lifting their eyes—blue, like their mother's—bashfully to my face. A number of years have passed since then; that mother has become one of my dearest friends; and I, consequently, see her children not infrequently; but they have never lost that sweet shyness in my presence with which they welcomed me for the first time. They are such children as we meet in Mrs. Deland's "Old Chester."

"Your children are lovely," I said to my friend recently, "and every year I find an improvement in them."

"Well, I try to bring them up right," replied the mother. "I work for 'em all the time; and all the time I'm thinkin' of 'em, and plannin' about 'em, and prayin' for 'em."

"It isn't easy to bring up children," I said.

"No," agreed my friend, "it ain't; but mothers of 'em don't care how hard it is, if the children only turn out good when they're grown up." And then she said, wistfully, as every true mother, whatever her rank or her place in the world, more often than once must say very wistfully, "I do my best for 'em, and I hope they'll be good when they're grown up; but I lay awake at night lots of times, wonderin' if they will, and askin' myself if I'm doin' for 'em all I can do."

Her work for her children has never been light. From very nearly the beginning of her married life until his death several years ago, her husband had been an invalid. Obliged to be away from her home throughout long days of wearisome labor, she could find no hours save those of the night in which to perform her household duties and train her little girls and boys. Yet, going to her home many times when a visitor was least expected, I have always found it either in order or in the process of being put in order. Her sons are gentle-hearted boys, and her daughters are like herself in the kindness of their impulses and the delicacy of their intuitions.

Never have I known a woman of more exquisite courtesy than that mother. I sometimes go to call upon her in the kitchen of the pleasant lunch-room for which she is now cook. She never fails to introduce to me any new employee who may be present, and invariably makes it possible for each one of my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other acquaintances in the place to speak with me during some few of the brief moments of my visit. Not very long ago, as I was preparing to end a short call at the kitchen, she detained me. "Do you see that girl who's stirrin' the soup?" she said, in a tone so low that the girl to whom she referred could not overhear.

"Has she come here recently?" I asked, thinking that my attention had been directed to her because she was, perhaps, a stranger.

"Well," said my friend, "she was here the last time you came in. I introduced her to you," she added, suggestively; she paused; and then, tentatively, she mentioned the girl's name.

My previous visit to the kitchen had taken place more than a month earlier. I had forgotten that I had met the new employee, but my friend had remembered, and the recollection was sufficient incentive to her to protect the girl from even so slight a hurt as a failure to recognize her as a former acquaintance might have inflicted. "How tender you are!" I exclaimed to her as I returned from an exchange of greetings with the person to whom her thoughtfulness had reached. "It is because you are a mother, I am sure," I involuntarily supplemented.

My friend smiled, and a beautiful light came into her face. "Well, it do make a difference in a woman's feelin's about things, being a mother," she said.

It sometimes gives to those feelings a sweetness as delicate as it is enduring. Among my friends in tenement-houses I number a woman, still very young, whom I knew long before her marriage. She had been a merry, unthinking girl, and for almost a year after becoming a wife she appeared, even to me who had known her so intimately, to be but little altered. Then, one evening, she came to me, an unaccustomed depth in her eyes, a new note in her voice, and asked me to help her to fashion garments for the child whose birth she was beginning to await.

During the months that followed, she ceased to be a careless girl; her awakened womanhood revealed itself in all her words and ways; even her gay laugh softened into a brooding smile—a smile which illumined her young face as all the mirth of her girlhood never had. She did not speak much of her approaching experience, even while she sat busied with that sewing which trembled sometimes in her hands, as it has trembled in the hands of many another woman with her hope and her expectation. She spoke very little; but eloquence such as hers has small need of words.

When her child was not yet two days old, I went to see my friend. She uncovered the baby's face, in silence; and then she said, "He has on one of the dresses you made; it's the second one he has worn."

"What dress did he wear first?" I asked, as, at her suggestion, I took the baby in my arms and seated myself beside her, holding him.

"One that I made," she said, softly; "he wore one that you made second, because you are my best friend. But I'm his mother—so he wore one I made first."

Nothing more beautiful than that explanation has ever been heard by me, nor, I am sure, by any one else.

That mother has two other children now; and though she lives in two rear rooms in a tenement attic, and lacks many things, she is happy, and her home is a pleasant place. One day, recently, I was calling upon her; and, incidentally, beguiling her little girl, who was ill, with a fairy tale. It was a story of kings and queens; a recital dealing with magnificently royal splendors. The small girl's eyes opened wider and wider as the tale progressed.

"How awful rich they must have been!" she sighed as the story ended.

Her mother smiled; but she made no allusion to the fairy tale until, at the conclusion of my visit, she was accompanying me down the long flights of stairs to the street. Then she said, meditatively, "They did have a lot, those kings and queens in that story. But I don't begrudge it to 'em. I feel just as rich. My husband's a good steady man; and he's real fond of me and the children, and," she added, with the brooding smile I so loved to see brightening her face, "I've got the three nicest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

children I ever saw—and I've seen hundreds o' children!"

When I went to bid her good-by and to receive her good wishes before starting on my long journey of investigation, she reminded me, in the course of our conversation relative to the cities to which I intended to go, that she had an only sister whom I had never met, whose home was in Chicago. "I'd like my sister to know you," she said, "and I'd like to hear what you think of her children—she's got two, and I ain't ever seen either of 'em. I often wonder if they's anywhere near as nice as mine."

She looked at me expectantly, and I replied: "She probably has that very same wonder about yours! I should be glad to know your sister; I'll tell her all about your children, and when I return I'll tell you all about hers."

My friend's delight was very lovely. She gave me her sister's address; and told me that she would immediately write to Chicago concerning the approximate date of my expected visit.

One of the first things that I did after reaching Chicago was to find my way to the street and the number given me by my friend. "Yes, she lives here, on the third floor," a neighbor of whom I made inquiries, as I stood before the house I had been seeking, informed me; and I went up the stairs to the third floor, and knocked on the door at the end of the hall. The door was at once opened by a woman, older than my friend, but so resembling her in appearance that I immediately said, "I am sure you must be the sister of ——"

Before I could finish, the woman seized both my hands. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you," she exclaimed with impulsive warmth. "You must be my sister's best friend."

"Did she tell you I was?" I asked, not without pleasure.

"No," said the sister of my friend; "but she told me you was the person she'd named her little girl after"—she looked at me with gentle eyes; "that's how I knew," she explained; "people has to care a lot about other people before they names their children after them," she concluded with simple dignity. Of a a truth, she was the sister of my friend.

Her children, I was pleased to discover, were quite as "nice" as that sister could have desired; and her home appeared to be no less sunny. "I have a good husband, too," she said when I had answered her eager, affectionate questions about my friend; "and no one could want better and prettier children than mine!"

Some one to whom not long ago I was speaking of these two women exclaimed, sadly, "If only all women living in tenements might be as happy! If only things might be as well with all tenement homes in which there are good mothers!"

But upon the tenement home, as upon any other home, can fall great and terrible griefs; and, as in any other home, the weight of these sorrows presses most heavily upon the heart of the mother of the house, and presses all the more heavily if she be a good mother. So pitifully often, in tenement-houses, a child dies; and too frequently the bereft mother is left with no one who can even begin to comfort her. Were it not for the other true mothers among her neighbors, she would many times be forced to endure her bereavement without even the consolation which sympathy can give.

The sympathy of these other mothers is always tender, and sometimes it is so subtle in its utter comprehension that it is wonderful. During a very warm summer, several years ago, when so many children in tenement districts were defeated in an unequal struggle for existence, the baby—and the only child—of one of my friends who lived in a tenement-house died. After the funeral, I lingered with the mother in the one stifling room which represented her home, trying to find something to say, something to do, to comfort her ever so little. Her husband lay on the bed at the farthest side of the room, in a drunken sleep. Through the open windows came the roaring noise and the burning heat of the city streets. The mother sat motionless and silent; her eyes were dry, but into them had crept already the wounded look which comes into the eyes of a woman whose child dies.

As I waited, silent too, for lack of adequate words, a fretful childish wail rang out from the home on the next

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

floor above in the tenement. The woman beside me started violently; and I went hastily from the room and up the stairs, thinking that I might at least be able to still the cries which must needs be so unbearably painful to my stricken friend.

"Is your baby ill?" I asked the woman who stood in the doorway at the head of the stairs, a crying child in her arms. "Oh, no," she said. "And this ain't my baby that's cryin', this is my next to the youngest. He's tired and hot, but he ain't sick either." She stopped, and gazed at me keenly for a moment. Then she continued in a subdued tone, "You've been with her—downstairs?" she said, questioningly.

"Yes," I assented.

"Takin' it awful hard, is she?" she queried.

"You have children; you must know how you would—" I began.

"Oh, don't!" she interposed, sharply; and then, as I did not at once speak again, she asked more gently, "What are you sayin' to her?"

"Nothing," I replied. "There isn't anything to say."

"What are you doin' for her?" was the next inquiry, made with increasing kindness.

"Nothing," I said again. "There seems nothing to do."

The other mother pondered for a long interval, and then she said: "There's nobody in my room to-day but me and my two babies. My next to the youngest, he wants to be took outside to get the air, if there is any."

"Shall I stay with your baby while you take him?" I suggested, glancing through the doorway at the bed upon which a very tiny baby lay contentedly blinking at the reflection of the sunlight on the window-pane.

"No," said the baby's mother; "but maybe you'll go down and ask *her* to come up and mind him so's I can go!"

After a moment's hesitation I did as she suggested. My friend's face quivered for an instant, and then she whispered: "Tell her I'll go up as soon as she's gone downstairs."

I went downstairs also; but in the evening I returned to sit again with my friend. Her face, as she turned it to me in the fading light, had lost a portion of its mournfulness. "Holdin' the baby upstairs eased me," she said; "it wasn't my own baby, but it eased me some to hold it."

When one day I asked the mother of that other baby how she knew what solace to offer, she merely said, "Mothers understan' the feelin's o' mothers."

The grief caused by death is not the only grief which comes to the mother in the tenement home; to her, as to the mother in any other home, come other sorrows, which, if not more poignant, are yet more bitter. But, even in these, the strength of her love for her children sustains her, though all else may fail.

One winter, in a tenement neighborhood in which I had many acquaintances, I chanced to hear much free and full discussion of the unhappiness of a woman, a stranger to me, living in the vicinity. "Her husband is cruel to her," one of her friends said to me one day; "I don't think she ought to stay with him."

"Has she any children?" I asked.

"Yes," replied my informant; "she has two—she had three, but one died. She makes a livin' for 'em all, and for her husband too. I don't think she ought to stay with him," she repeated; "he's cruel to her."

Long before I came to know the woman well, this statement was verified to me, not only by many persons in the neighboring tenements, but also by a school-teacher whose knowledge of the woman's life was very minute and intimate. "I think I agree with the people who live near her," she said to me earnestly one day; "I almost think she shouldn't remain any longer with her husband. His treatment of her has been—and is—atrocious."

"Does she ever speak of it?" I questioned.

"Never," the school-teacher replied. "But that doesn't alter the state of the case any," she protested. "I wonder what you will think she ought to do when you know her," she added.

It was shortly after this conversation that I met the woman for the first time. Her gentleness of manner instantly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appealed to me, and we gradually became close friends. I saw her frequently, both at her own home to which I went to call upon her, and at a college settlement where she often came to visit me. She talked to me of many things and of many persons, but we had been friends for many months before she mentioned her husband to me. One summer evening, as she sat with me in the shelter of the settlement doorway, she suddenly began, "I suppose you've heard folks say my husband ain't good to me?"

"Yes," I was obliged to make reply.

"And I suppose you've heard 'em say they think I ought to leave him?"

"Yes," I said again.

The woman grasped my hand and held it closely. "What do *you* think about it?" she asked in a tremulous voice.

"I think you are the only person who has any right to think, or to say, anything about what you ought to do about it," I found myself replying. "No one else can possibly understand about it as you can."

The woman moved nearer. "That's just the way I feel," she whispered, "and I can't make up my mind to leave him, though folks beg me to—and he ain't a very kind man."

She was very still for a moment, and then she said, in a voice so low that I barely could hear her—"He's my husband; he ain't a very kind man, but—but he's my children's father. He's the father o' the ones I've got, and—and o' the baby that died. I can't leave him, 'cause he is; 'specially 'cause he's the baby's father—the baby that died!"

The hardest task which the mother in the tenement-house must perform is the preservation of the privacy of her home. Her doors open upon a semi-public hallway, and every loud word spoken in her home may be heard by persons on the floor above and on the floor beneath her household. Excepting during school hours she must keep her growing children within the folds of her too small and too few rooms, or subject them to the dangers of the city streets. Seldom has she any one to help her, and very often her burden is so heavy that her ability, and, furthermore, her willingness, to bear it is a marvel.

One of my oldest friends in the tenements is a woman, the mother of six children, whose home is in one of the darkest and most dingy tenement-houses that I have ever seen in any city. By the severest kind of toil she supports her drunken husband and all her little children.

The child twice removed from the youngest is a small girl, with waving brown hair and shining gray eyes, and the most captivating of sunny smiles. One day I was calling upon her mother, accompanied by another friend, a childless wife, whose love for children is peculiarly deep. While I talked with the mother of the tenement-house, she played with the little girl, who was at that time about two and a half years old. Suddenly she turned to our hostess: "I'd like to adopt this baby," she said.

The child's mother snatched the small girl from her arms. "Well—you can't," she returned, with an intensity so great that it was harsh.

As we left the house, my friend, the wife who is childless, repeated to me, "I'd like to adopt that baby."

Three times, without avail, she went and asked the mother to give her that one of her six children. Then she came to me, and requested me to go and use every persuasion in my power to gain the mother's consent to the proposed adoption. "She has five other children," said my friend, when I would have demurred; "and I haven't any."

With some misgivings, I went to the tenement home. The little girl in question ran to meet me with the sweet, confiding friendliness which had so touched my other friend's heart. "I don't wonder that people want to adopt her!" I began as I sat with the baby nestling in my arms.

The plurality of my noun was wasted upon the baby's mother. "Well—she can't," was her reply. "She's been here three times, askin' me for her; and I've told her she *can't have her*."

"She could do a great deal for the baby," I suggested, in pursuance of my promise to my other friend; "she could give her a great many things—"

The mother interrupted me. "She

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

couldn't give her her own mother's love," she said, as she gently stroked the little head cuddled against the soft silk of my scarf. "She couldn't do for her as her own mother can."

"You have five other children," I continued, after a severe if brief struggle between my promise and my inclination.

"That don't keep this one from being any less mine!" the mother retorted.

A short silence followed this reply. Then the baby's mother said, very gently indeed, "I'm awful sorry for your friend that's got no children; I'm as sorry for her as you be; but she can't have any o' mine. They belongs to me; and I want 'em. She'd be good to my baby, I know, and give her lots I can't give her; she'd be *like* a mother to her, I s'pose, she seemed a real nice lady; but she wouldn't *be* her mother. Nobody can be that but just *me!*"

The small girl is now old enough to go to school. One day, not long ago, when I was visiting her mother, she came dancing in, bringing a note from her teacher to her mother regarding the increasingly satisfactory progress she had been making in her classes and in her deportment—which latter had been wont to be marked by a certain over-exuberance.

"Now read that," exclaimed the mother, happily, as, having herself read the note, she handed it to me. "I'm real proud o' you, dearie," she said, lovingly, to the child, who, hearing herself praised, hid her face shyly on her mother's shoulder. "Your teacher says you've been a nice, good girl."

Later, when the little daughter had been sent on an errand, the mother said to me, "Poor people haven't much else; but they has their children, and they cares an awful lot about 'em."

"I often think of you," I replied, taking her general statement in as individual a sense as she had taken mine on the day when I went to plead with her on behalf of my other friend. "You certainly care a very great deal for your children."

In the tenement districts I have met many mothers not unlike that mother; women who indeed could claim as their own not much else besides their children; mothers who realized their grave responsibilities and their beautiful opportunities as mothers to a degree which it would scarcely be possible to exceed. However ignorant they may otherwise be, the mothers of tenement homes know well that upon them has been bestowed that joy which is highest and purest, since to them has it been granted to be mothers. They are never bedazzled into seeming to see that any wealth can surpass that richness which they, possessing their children, possess so fully, so entirely, so unalienably. Of the incalculably large service they render to the State and to the Nation they are, perhaps, unaware; but the greatness of the service is not therefore diminished. Its benefit is no less great, no less enduring, than the love which, unconsciously often, painfully sometimes, patiently always, confers it.

Among my friends in a certain tenement neighborhood there are two mothers at whose respective homes I usually spend an hour on the afternoon of Christmas Day. One Christmas, as one of these friends was leaving me at the outer door of the home in which she lives, she said, as if moved by a sudden reminder, "The woman on the top floor had a baby—a boy—born to her this mornin'; her first child, too! Think o' that; born on Christmas!"

A college girl whom I had met in the car that day on my way to the tenement district had given me a white rose, and though I had made two calls I still retained it, its petals yet fresh and the delicacy of its fragrance in nowise lost. "I wonder if I might take this rose up to her," I ventured to say.

"Why, yes," was the encouraging response. "She'd like it; it's lovely."

The tenement-house was very far from being a model building. The stairs were steep and narrow and dim, but I presently came to the end of them, and stood before a closed door, upon which the light from a tiny skylight fell. I waited for a few moments, and then, hearing a slight sound from the room beyond the door, I knocked very softly.

A faint voice bade me enter, and, opening the door, I went into the room. It was small and meanly furnished, but,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like the topmost landing of the stairs, it was flooded with light from the window in the roof above.

The mother was alone with her child. Her face was very pale, and the dark color of the folded coat upon which her head rested appeared to give it an added pallor. She turned her glorified eyes to me as I approached her. "It's Christmas," she whispered; "and my baby was born this mornin'; my first baby—a boy. My husband, he's gone to tell the priest; we are both so glad!"

The bed on which she lay was hard, and its coverings were thin and rough; the room was none too warm, and the food left on a chair within reach of the bed was insufficient and coarse. But when I paused at the door to look once more at the mother before leaving her, her eyes, lifted to the skylight, were very bright, and her lips were smiling. One hand touched her child, and in the other she held the white rose.

We find, in our cities, a continually increasing number of persons more fortunate in many circumstances of life than the people who dwell in tenement-houses, and these persons are earnestly and unselfishly trying to alleviate the want which oppresses the mother in the tenement home. They give—and in still fuller measure they will give—to that mother such assistance as she sorely needs. But, large though their aid may be, it can never equal that help in living her life which she has by virtue of her own tested womanhood—her great, unquenchable love for the children to whom she has given birth.

The Best Recent Novels

THE list of novels of the season is formidable, with the good, the indifferent, and the bad in the usual proportions. Many of these stories have already been commented on in The Outlook; a group of the more important have been reserved for more extended criticism. In this group The Outlook has endeavored to include those stories which by their force, reality, or charm of style are worth the attention of readers who care for good work in fiction.

A foremost place among these stories of more than passing importance must be given to Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "The Queen's Quair" (Macmillan); a piece of work which could have come from no other hand, so thoroughly characteristic is it of the author of "Little Novels of Italy." The materials out of which this tale was constructed are so abundant that they would have impeded the movement and imperiled the unity of a novel from a hand less skilled and firm. From the moment when the story opens in the chamber of the widowed Queen in France to the moment when she faces exile it is crowded with figures, and these figures are historical personages. The skill with which these vigorous, passionate, or calculating people are drawn, arranged, brought together to serve the purposes of the story, is marvelous. From the opening to the closing page the reader feels that he is dealing with real persons; they come and go as if they were his contemporaries—so distinctly and at the same time subtly are they portrayed, so vividly are they realized by the imagination. The tragic episodes fall into dramatic sequence and the whole brilliant, passionate, ignoble, pathetic history falls into dramatic form apparently without effort. As a character study there are few achievements in recent fiction to compare with the interpretation of the Queen. Mr. Hewlett's reading of the complex character of Queen Mary is evidently based on the most searching study of all the contemporary impressions; it will certainly evoke a great diversity of opinion, for it deals with one of the subjects about which men will differ to the end of time. It is, from every point of view, a notable contribution to historical portraiture in its subtlety, its vividness of color, its consistency, and its fascination. It is both compassionate and merciless; it makes us feel the charm of one of the most unhappy children of passion, and it mercilessly lays bare the secrets of her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

temperament and heart. It goes far to explain the enigmas of her career and it is consonant with her history. Above all, it is intensely interesting. Mr. Hewlett's rich style, which has many of the qualities of old tapestry, is perfectly adapted to the period and the material with which he deals. It is sometimes over-elaborate, artificial, and far-fetched in diction; it is often exceedingly frank, after the manner of the time; but it belongs to the characters and to their age as definitely as rich glass belongs to old churches and rich tapestries to old palaces.

Mrs. Mary Tappan Wright also draws the portrait of a child of passion, but with a difference of temperament and of manner as marked as the difference between the sixteenth and the twentieth centuries. There has been from the beginning a touch of the uncommon in Mrs. Wright's stories, and in none has she departed more widely from the motives and manner of average current fiction than in "The Test" (Scribner); a story of searching analysis, of insight into those difficult problems in which passion and will are alike powerful, of clear, strong, courageous handling of a very difficult subject. "The Test" is the story of a woman's fall through a mistaken idea of the influence of complete surrender, and of heroic self-recovery in the community which knows every stage of the disaster. There is no evasion of the inevitable, no slurring of penalties, no weakening of the force of the inexorable law, in this moving story. There is no attempt to simplify the problem by excluding some of its most tragic elements. On the contrary, full force is given to all the punitive elements in the situation, and the blows fall on the head of the sinning woman with merciless severity. The story has faults; it is overwrought; there are moments when the reader feels as if the strain were too terrible to be borne even in sympathy. Out of this fire of punishment comes a noble and winning character, redeemed by her own heroic submission to the consequences of her deed, reinstated in the regard of her fellows, and holding the hearts of her readers. The construction of the story is not perfect, and the style often lacks ease and free movement.

Of kindred seriousness and of even more tragic tone is Mrs. Voynich's "Olive Latham" (Lippincott). The readers who recall "The Gadfly" do not need to be told that its author is one of the most relentless novelists of the day in massing and describing hard, brutal, heartbreaking conditions; that she has the power of enveloping her stories in an atmosphere of intense depression, and that she writes the word futility over a large part of human striving. This latest story is uncompromisingly realistic, relentlessly frank in its description of shocking social conditions, and tragic in some of its episodes; but it is not hopeless, and there is a gleam of sunshine at the end. It is the story of a well-born English girl of force and character, who gives her heart to a Russian revolutionist; follows him to Russia to nurse him in his fatal illness; comes into contact with the stupid, brutal, inhuman tyranny of the Russian police; returns to England, and finally finds happiness in the devotion of a Pole who is also a victim of the same relentless, dull-witted, and insensate tyranny. "Olive Latham" is not a pleasant story, but it is powerful, moving, and deeply interesting in spite of a very unattractive heroine.

The quick-witted and vivacious Elizabeth of the Solitary Summer and the German Garden takes us into a much sunnier world in "Elizabeth in Rügen" (Macmillan)—a report in her inimitable style of a journey round the little island in the Baltic to which pleasure-seekers go in throngs in summer. The materials of which this volume is made are so few and so lacking in dramatic potentialities that in hands less skillful the book would have been a bare recital of carriage-drives, walks, summer hotels, and wandering tourists; but in the hands of this vivacious and witty woman the narrative takes on dramatic interest, is not lacking in capital character-drawing nor in episodes which, slight in themselves, become humorous and diverting in the telling. The English bishop's wife and her much-governed son, the inimitable German professor and his much-endeav-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oring, far-aspiring, soul-seeking English wife, are the most delightful companions for a summer's day; and the narrative is shot through with charming bits of description. "Elizabeth" has an instinct for "hitting off" the weak points in German character, and there is just enough malice in her to give her apparently careless touches a little sting.

Three volumes of short stories stand out by reason of their quality and the interesting contrasts which they present. Mrs. Wharton's collection of short tales, "The Destiny of Man" (Scribner), contains some of the most sincere and first-hand work she has given the world. Insight, inventiveness, humor, and great sensitiveness to form characterize these stories. They are a distinct addition to our literature in a field in which that literature is already rich. There are far more directness, original insight, and reality in them than in "The Valley of Decision." The amount of psychological analysis is more generally subordinated to the natural human interest of the tale and to its dramatic movement; but Mrs. Wharton has used this method nowhere more effectively than in some of these tales. It has been well said of "The Other Two" that both in motive and manner it might well make Mr. James envious. Mrs. Wharton's work is always artistic and thorough. There are less subtlety of motive and more movement and humor in Mr. Page's "Bred in the Bone" (Scribner). The story which gives the book its title is a good example of Mr. Page's talent and skill; the spirit of the old and the atmosphere of the new South are in it; there is the devoted, shrewd, humorous old negro who was once a slave and has not forgotten his old loyalty; there is a fresh, out-of-door habit of life; and there is the good old romantic touch where the heroine makes her impulsive bet. Mr. Page recovers in these stories much of the sincerity, humor, pathos, and charm which won his earliest readers.

It cannot be said that Mr. Seton Merriman's bundle of tales, "Tomaso's Fortune" (Scribner) belongs with these volumes so far as the art of writing is concerned; but as pieces of narrative, episodes full of dramatic interest, and incidents significant of character, these stories have unusual excellence. Their author was not a man of letters, but he was a born story-teller, with a quick eye for a strong situation or an effective bit of character; and, with one or two exceptions, the collection is interesting from cover to cover.

A more restful book, with a quiet story interest running through it, than "The Day Before Yesterday" (Macmillan) has not appeared for many a day. It is so far removed from the dramatic, the intense, the morbid, or the sensational that it is in danger of being overlooked. Few books of the season are, however, better worth reading than this picture of a small community, probably in the central West, a generation ago, and of the fun, the occupations, and the way of life of a group of normal, inventive, delightful children, with glimpses of their elders. It is a story of child life for grown-up children, told with humor, with fresh feeling, and with tender sympathy; one of those books which make a little oasis in the rush and turmoil of the time.

Two other volumes of entirely different character belong in the same class and may be described as "books of refuge." "The Court of Sacharissa" (Macmillan) is as artificial as a Watteau pastoral and has something of the same beguiling quality. It is the record of the adventures of a group of inconsequential gentlemen on the estate of a fair lady, with whom they all fall more or less in love, who gives them afternoon tea in a shady garden or on the greenest of lawns, and listens to their impossible tales and their high-flown compliments. It is a clever piece of fooling for those who are wise enough to find refreshment in occasional wanderings in fairyland. A more distinctly pastoral quality pervades Miss Sherwood's "The Story of King Sylvain and Queen Aimée" (Macmillan)—the story of a king and queen who run away from the court, become lovers once more, and make a home for themselves after divers adventures. The style is archaic and the incidents belong to the age of the "Faerie Queene," but the old immortal thirst of the spirit for peace in which to love and live is assuaged in it; and it has the delicacy of fancy and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

refinement of feeling which Miss Sherwood's work never lacks.

Miss Elizabeth Robins is a woman of forceful personality. As an interpreter of Ibsen on the stage and as the author of an unevenly written and sometimes high-keyed but vigorous and at times humorous novel, "The Open Question," she has attracted attention and appreciation from the higher class of critical observers of dramatic art and literature. Now, in the story called "The Magnetic North," she gives us a strongly painted picture of the Klondike. A visit to Alaska and journeys to places there not often seen by women gave her the opportunity of acquiring first-hand material. As a result, the story is saturated with reality. Her little group of gold-seekers are individuals as well as types, and the effects on character and temperament of privation and suffering are admirably presented. Recklessness, greed, fraud, cruelty, cowardice, are brought out in some of these explorers, while with others courage, constancy, and friendship grow from the same trials. The two most likable men in the book, the Boy and the Colonel, break the Klondike record in a terrible journey along the Yukon; their frightful struggle brings them almost to the point of hatred and possible murder (the psychological study of the strain on their reason and action is a really fine piece of subtle analysis), but they emerge from their long trial humanly generous and sweet-natured. An affecting and inspiring account of the devotion of the Jesuit priests and Roman Catholic sisters among the Alaskan Indians is included. The great fault of the book is its unsatisfactory and inconsequential construction and conclusion; characters drop in and out (to be sure, they do so in real life), and there is a lessening of interest as the story nears its end. But, faults admitted, the book is far above the ordinary novel in its vivid descriptive power, in its rendering of the vast loneliness and darkness of the Far North, and in its true study of the working of circumstance on character. (Stokes.)

Lack of story-interest has been a rather common complaint against Mr. Joseph Conrad, even among those who admire his rare powers of descriptive writing, his deep love and knowledge of the sea and sea life in all its moods, and his perhaps over-subtle analysis of passion and temperament. This cannot be said of "Romance;" and in part the fact may be due to the collaboration of Mr. F. M. Hueffer, a friend and neighbor of Mr. Conrad, who once before aided him in the same way in a not very well known book, "The Inheritors." With dramatic incident and with the thrill of suspense "Romance" is almost over-provided. There are half a dozen single situations which are absolutely painful in their intensity. In its brilliancy of imaginative writing, the book (as half a dozen or more reviewers have already declared) recalls Stevenson at his best—say, as he appears in certain passages of "The Master of Ballantrae" and "Markheim." There are at least three or four chapters that one may re-read after the story is finished, with increased admiration of Mr. Conrad's singular power of massing details and throwing side-lights until the picture is brought out into a glow of color and life. One may almost say that the central idea is to show what might be termed the seamy side of "romance"—the infinite toil, sorrow, suffering, and horror that must lie beneath what we jauntily call romantic adventure. An honest English boy with the boy's longing for the adventurous is thrown by no fault of his own into the nest of the last of West Indian pirates, rescues a sweet and true girl, thwarts a despicable villain's plot, and in the end, after narrowly escaping hanging as a pirate, gains his reward. One of the too numerous writers of "swashbuckling" romance would have made of all this a lively, high-spirited, almost joyous series of triumphs. In Mr. Conrad's hands it is keyed on one word—anguish. The reader hates and loves and suffers and fears with the steadfast and honest boy until it seems that human endurance has reached its limit. The power of the tale is almost oppressive; it holds the mind and stirs the imagination; it moves the emotions and arouses the sympathies; but it is too constantly near the very verge of tragedy to entertain. It

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may not be safe to predict a wide popular success for such a book, but its literary and human force are unquestionable. (McClure, Phillips & Co.)

In Margaret Horton Potter's "The Flame-Gatherers" is told a richly poetical tale adorned by Oriental imagery, imbued by Eastern ethical philosophy, and alive with the glow of passion. It would be unfair to judge such a book by the standards applied to the average current fiction of the day; it stands or falls, as would a dramatic poem by Stephen Phillips, on its merits as pure literature. The subject is an unusual one in conception, and required delicacy and sincerity of treatment to save it from absurdity or vulgarity. It is due to the author to say that she has shown both art and reserve power. The lover of the merely sensational or amusing in fiction may care little for this book, but it has both fascination and imaginative grasp. (Macmillan.)

No other of Maarten Maartens's novels has greater variety of characters or liveliness of narrative than has "Dorothea." There are some eight or ten people in this book who stand out with distinctness as living human creatures with faults, vices, lovable traits, and peculiarities as clearly drawn as Thackeray might have done. The interplay of these people in talk and action is immensely clever, and they move in a tangle of peculiar circumstances that works out into an original plot. The author is the reverse of a cynic, but the cynical wit of some of his worldly characters is immensely amusing. The simple and single-hearted Dutch maiden, Dorothea, daughter of a brave English soldier who has become a gambler, is thrown into a crowd of Monte Carlo schemers, pleasure-hunters, and matrimonial plotters. She is really a beautifully conceived and charming girl, "pure in heart," and even puritanical in her rustic ideals of life and morals. How in the end she is able to conquer hatred and to keep herself from taint, yet to learn that in love there is a charity for others' failings, is the main theme of a thoroughly readable novel. The book shows wide knowledge of the world and an equally wide acquaintance with the human heart. (Appleton.)

The Outlook's readers have found in Mr. Stewart Edward White's "The Forest" and are finding in the companion series of articles, "The Mountains," that he is both a true nature-lover and a master of woodcraft—two things not often combined in one writer. Mr. White's new romance of the Hudson Bay Country, "The Silent Places," has these qualities, and also shows the art of the fiction-writer in presenting clearly characters who are distinctly conceived, and in getting out of a strong situation continuous and tense interest. The plot is slight, but it maintains its dramatic force throughout. Like "The Conjuror's House," the tale presents the autocratic rule of a Hudson's Bay Company's factor over the country about him, the stern obedience exacted from employees, and the persistent enforcement of self-made law. An Indian who has been bold enough to cheat the Company is singled out for punishment, and on his trail are sent two woodsmen of diverse gifts and character. Their hunt lasts for more than a year, takes them into the Far North, exposes them to every kind of suffering and danger; with them travels an Indian girl who loves, long without return, the careless, reckless, brutal-minded Dick, and in the end gives her life for his. In the end the culprit is found and brought back. Throughout, the adventures and resourceful skill of the woodsmen are narrated with a knowledge and vividness that are extraordinary. As a romance the book is marked with singleness of purpose and harmonious development. (McClure & Phillips, New York.)

The Outlook has already spoken of Mrs. Dudeney's striking study of provincial English life in the early part of the last century, called "The Story of Susan" (Dodd, Mead & Co.); of Mrs. Goodwin's clever story of modern society, "Four Roads to Paradise," notable for its witty dialogue (The Century Company); of Miss Mary Johnston's Elizabethan romance, "Sir Mortimer" (Harpers); of Mr. Lynde's vigorous dealing in fiction with political and corporation corrupt methods in "The Grafters" (Bobbs-Merrill Company); but all of these books should at least

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be mentioned in any general survey of recent fiction. Miss Glasgow's "The Deliverance" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) and Mr. Harland's "My Friend Prospero" were discussed some time ago in an editorial which recognized their decided importance and value. "The Woman-Errant," by the author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife," is just about to appear (Macmillan), and its subject and authorship insure for it a wide and appreciative reading. A special review of Mr. Churchill's "The Crossing" (Macmillan) will appear soon.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Advanced Course in Algebra. By Webster Wells, S.B. Illustrated. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 581 pages.

Alfred Tennyson. By Arthur Christopher Benson. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 243 pages. $1, net.

Those who cannot afford to possess the great Memoir by the poet's son will find this volume largely meets their desire, such use of that work has been made in this. The poet's life is briefly narrated; his temperament, character, ideals, and beliefs are sketched; his view of the poetical life and character as indicated in his own words and writings is presented, with the chief characteristics of his art, technically viewed. The author has absorbed his subject, and both in substance and form his presentation of it is admirable.

American City (The): A Problem in Democracy. By Delos F. Wilcox, Ph.D. (Citizen's Library.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 423 pages. $1.25, net.

During the last few years a renascence of the civic spirit has made hopeful progress, as shown both by the increasing study of social problems and the beginnings of practical reform. The current setting in these directions has already deposited an abundant literature. Professor Wilcox's present work is thoroughly fertilizing. He discusses in a masterly way the fundamental principles of our city problem in its general relation to the problem of democracy which our National life is working out. What we need, he contends, is not less democracy but more. Democracy defined as "one man, one vote" is merely nominal. Real and thorough democracy is concerned with the common weal. The lack of civic spirit is the defect we suffer from. Civic spirit requires devotion of one's leisure to social service. Wholesome and well safeguarded city life depends on the co-operation of all citizens. But consciousness of this elementary fact is still crude. People have leisure enough to co-operate, but do not yet realize the interest and satisfaction found in such efforts. In successive chapters Dr. Wilcox deals with many burning questions, as the social importance of the street, the control of public utilities, "municipal insurance," *i. e.*, police, etc., local centers of civic life, civic education, municipal home rule. With sagacious apprehension of needs and conditions goes a fair appraisal both of progress and failure. Work for the improvement of municipal organization on the line of least resistance he thinks must be on the lines of the "federal plan" exemplified in the National Government, and well illustrated at Cleveland from 1891 to 1903. The criticism and practical suggestions for progress that run through the book are wise and helpful, and light up the situation with hopefulness for all that are trying to better it. But why, at least while democracy has foes to overcome and needs victorious leaders, should the habit, developed by certain games of skill, of taking ruthless advantage of an opponent's blunders be pronounced "counter to the demands of democracy"?

Annie in the Garden (60c.). **Love's Rhapsody** (50c.). **Zuleikha** (50c.). Songs by Rudolph Ganz. Clayton F. Summy Co, Chicago.

Ark of 1803 (The): A Story of Louisiana Purchase Times. By C. A. Stephens. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 341 pages. $1.25, net.

A boy's book of pioneer adventure on the Mississippi River, which, along with its story, gives a good deal of American history.

Ballads of Bourbonnais (The). By Wallace Bruce Amsbary. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5¼×8 in. 181 pages.

Ballads of Valor and Victory: Being Stories in Song from the Annals of America. By Clinton Scollard. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 6×9 in. 145 pages. $1.50, net.

Beaconsfield. By Walter Sichel. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 212 pages. $1, net.

This is a very convenient volume in which to get an interesting view of the development of commercial, social, and imperial policy in Great Britain during the larger part of the last century. Lord Beaconsfield left his mark on this, and his works do follow him under Mr. Chamberlain. If one has imbibed the idea that he was more brilliant than solid, more stagy than sincere, one may be converted by Mr. Sichel's elaborate vindica-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion; indeed, he sometimes comes near making one think that all his geese are swans. Whatever is left enigmatic, it is certain that Queen Victoria, who was at any rate a good judge of the moral side of things, sincerely respected Beaconsfield. His character as a man of letters, as well as a statesman, is thoroughly appreciated by Mr. Sichel, whose volume is an interesting study of a great career.

By-Ways of Braithe (The). By Frances Powell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 361 pages. $1.50.

This novel stands pre-eminent for the most amazing mixture of absurdity, melodrama, and false sentiment. The luxuriant imagination of the author should be restrained and trained upon more upright standards, for that she has ability cannot be questioned. But the reader, if he hold out to the end, is smothered in roses, jewels, silks, velvets, and satins, to say nothing of passion-pale men and gloriously entrancing women, moving about in baronial halls, "Cells of Flagellation," and underground passages—all on the banks of our placid Hudson River.

Case of Sardines (A): A Story of the Maine Coast. By Charles Poole Cleaves. Illustrated. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5×7½ in. 322 pages.

An overworked young doctor, ordered away for the summer, went to the coast of Maine and fell in with a college mate who was a clergyman in the little seaboard town whose industry was that of catching herring and packing sardines. Inclined to cynicism and indifference, the doctor gradually became interested in the "sardiners" and more or less involved in their lives. There is much good sense and practical religion in the story, imperfectly constructed as it is, and the reader leaves it quite assured, with the young physician, that life is worth living if the soul lives well.

China Painting: A Practical Manual for the Use of Amateurs in the Decoration of Hard Porcelain. By M. Louise McLaughlin. (New Edition. Twentieth Thousand.) The Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati. 5½×8 in. 140 pages. $1.

Christ from Without and Within (The). By Rev. Henry W. Clark. Andrew Melrose, London, England. 5¼×7½ in. 224 pages.

"It is life we need" is the postulate of this study of "the spiritual Gospel." As we judge of the nature of anything from its effect, so we judge of Christ. There is in him a dynamic quality, a power to impart a diviner life to our humanity. "One feels that coming into touch with him is coming into touch with the Eternal Source of all." This is the incontrovertible datum of experience. God was in Christ, and only as Christ leads the soul to the Father does he impart the life we need. In successive chapters this central idea is developed with a sustained religious glow, and with a general effectiveness not marred for thoughtful readers by an occasional extreme statement.

Christ Unveiled: His Heavenly and Earthly Appearing. By Anna J. Johnson. Press of James N. Johnston, 22 Beekman St., New York. 5½×9 in. 105 pages. $1.25.

Christ Within and Other Papers (The). By T. Rhondda Williams. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 4¼×6½ in. 125 pages. 50c.

This little book emphasizes the imperativeness of an ideal, the Christian ideal, and its independency of all critical questions affecting the writings from which it is derived. Mr. Williams exposes the fallacy of fancying that only what is historical has value. He does not think less of history, but fairly maintains that the main value of history now is to kindle and enrich the ideal. The thought that runs through the book is that salvation consists in the effort to realize the Christ ideal in actual life. Mr. Williams writes with insight and vigor, and this volume is one of the best in the series it belongs to.

Clerical System: Economics of Library, Periodicals, Sermonology, Correspondence, Administration, and Business. By Willis V. Dick. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 5×7½ in. 131 pages. 60c., net.

Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson. (*Centenary Edition.*) *Vol. VIII.* **Letters and Social Aims.** Vol. IX. **Poems.** Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. Per vol., $1.75.

Concise Dictionary of the French and English Languages (A). By F. E. A. Gasc. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 941 pages. $1.25.

Correct Social Usage: A Course of Instruction in Good Form, Style, and Deportment. By Seventeen Distinguished Authors. In 3 vols. Illustrated. The New York Society of Self-Culture, New York. 5×7 in.

These three little volumes, made up of contributions from several authorities, form the best and most comprehensive work of the sort we have seen. In the scope of its subject matter it includes everything which could rightly be placed between the covers of a practical work on etiquette. The publisher making this entirely justifiable claim for it is the New York Society of Self-Culture, a unique organization whose equipment for the furthering of its obvious design includes, a circular accompanying the books informs one, a Correspondence School and Bureau of Inquiry conducted by the writers mentioned above.

Daughter of Dale (A). By Emerson Gifford Taylor. The Century Co., New York. 5×8 in. 352 pages.

The heroine of this tale comes near to wrecking her happiness and that of the hero by a mistaken idea of devotion to her grandfather, a Professor in "Dale." The old man covets the youth for a scholarly career, and Barbara imagines it her duty to aid him and stifle the evident attraction between herself and Paul. It is rather a novel turn in romance, and appeals to a certain type of reader. The working out of the idea is not successful. The construction is awkward, and too many of the scenes intended to be humorous or pathetic fall short of their effect.

Desiderius Erasmus concerning the Aim and Method of Education. By William Harrison Woodward. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 244 pages.

Erasmus was far in advance of his contem-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poraries in his opinions concerning the education of the young. His treatise addressed to the Duke of Cleves, 1529, "On the Immediate Introduction of Boys to a Liberal Education," is surprisingly modern, and is profitable reading now. This, and a briefer treatise on "The Right Method of Instruction (the latter now first given in English)," are contained in this volume. More than to any other man of his time the enlightenment of the ancient Græco-Roman world appealed to Erasmus with a message for modern men. This Professor Woodward clearly realizes. For those to whom this is of interest, as well as for all concerned with the historical relation of modern educational theory, this volume has special attractiveness.

Desire. By Charlotte Eaton. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 159 pages. $1, net. (Postage, 10c.)

A volume of poems, about the author of which Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has said that she seems to be "the feminine reincarnation of Walt Whitman," and Mrs. Wilcox believes that she has the three essential qualities of a great singer—"power, passion, and purpose." That the author of "Desire" has purpose is evident even to the most casual reader; that she has power and real passion is by no means so certain. If by reincarnation we mean the continuation of a man's peculiarities and methods, then the author of "Desire" is the reincarnation of Walt Whitman, for her verse is distinctly an echo of Whitman's thought and a reproduction of Whitman's style; but neither in the thought nor in the reproduction is there to be found Whitman's passion, his *abandon*, or his, at times, striking force. It is the mannerism which has been reincarnated, not the genius; and the author of "Desire" has, fortunately, stopped short of the Whitman nudities. She represents neither the best nor the worst of him; she is a moderate reincarnation of his peculiarities.

Dorris Farrand's Vocation. By Pansy (Mrs. G. R. Alden). Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 335 pages. $1.50.

One of the best of the many stories by this author. A college girl, really human, surrounded by equally human friends and relatives, thinks out for herself the meaning of her life. Individualism, in its right connections, appeals to her as a working theory. The two young men of the little circle are peculiarly true to life; one dictatorial and conceited, yet attractive, the other uncouth and energetic, yet capable of and receiving culture. Some vexed questions concerning the distinctions between the Church and the world are discussed in the author's characteristic and practical way.

Duchess of Few Clothes. By Philip Payne. Rand, McNally & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 341 pages.

The dialogue in this book is unusually good; the types, even when obvious caricatures, are admirably clever, and the contrasted characters of the two friends, Hazard and Quarles, are capitally drawn. But many false notes lower its average. To mention one of them, the pictured manners and morals of the clerks and other employees of a high-grade American hotel are made as offensive and vulgar as we feel sure they are grossly libelous.

Elementary Principles of Economics: Together with a Short Sketch of Economic History. By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D., and George Ray Wicker, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 388 pages.

Elements of Plane Surveying (including Leveling). By Samuel Marx Barton, Ph.D. Illustrated. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 6×9½ in. 255 pages.

Elves' Frolic. (40c.) **Caprice.** (40c.) **Anima, Concert Waltz.** ($1.) Piano Solo by Hubbard William Harris. Clayton F. Summy Co., Chicago.

English and Scottish Popular Ballads. Edited from the Collection of Francis James Child by Helen Child Sargent and George Lyman Kittredge. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5½×8½ in. 723 pages. $3.

The Cambridge Edition of this standard work puts into a single volume and into the most accessible form Professor Child's great work, published in ten parts and forming five large volumes, of which he began the publication in 1882 and completed it in 1898, including in the five volumes three hundred and five distinct ballads, but with a great number of texts, the plan involving the reprinting of every extant version of every ballad; of "Sir Patrick Spens," for instance, there are eighteen versions, of "Mary Hamilton" twenty-eight. Each ballad has a historical and bibliographical introduction, and there are also exhaustive collations, bibliographies, and indexes. The present edition includes all the three hundred and five ballads of the large collection, but without the critical apparatus, and with very short introductions. In a few cases more than one version is printed and the explanatory matter is condensed. Few single volumes in our language contain so much of permanent interest as this volume.

Euripides' Iphigenia in Tauris. Edited by William Nickerson Bates, Ph.D. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 164 pages.

Fairy Tales. By Hans Christian Andersen. Selected and Edited by Edna Henry Lee Turpin. Illustrated. Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 253 pages. 50c.

Fatherhood of God (The). By A. Lincoln Shute. Eaton & Mains, New York. 4½×7 in. 310 pages. $1.

That men are sons of God by nature that they may become sons of God by choice, is the modern evangelical doctrine, as expounded by such preachers as the late Bishop Brooks. A strong protest is here raised against this from the standpoint of the evangelicalism of a century ago, and Bishop Merrill in his introduction combats it as a dangerous heresy. The corner-stone of the argument is that "the Divine-like character of his [man's] personality was lost in the Fall." Since the parties in the argument are at a deadlock in their discordant interpretations of the Bible, science must be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

allowed to decide which of these is the more correct. And science finds in the researches of anthropology no trace of any such thing as a "Divine-like personality" in primeval man.

Fire Flies (50c.). **Absence** (50c.). Songs by Julia E. Wilkins. Clayton F. Summy Co., Chicago.

Fort Amity. By Quiller Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 337 pages. $1.50.

A tale of the French and Indian wars, with alternating thrilling adventures and character-studies. The young officer who is its hero is taken as a prisoner to Canada by his French and Indian captors, escapes them by a singular series of circumstances, and is placed in a peculiarly puzzling position, morally speaking, because he cannot betray his nationality without compromising his country's interests, yet is in danger of unwillingly becoming a spy. The story is well knit together, and quite worthy of Mr. Quiller-Couch's talent, although it lacks the humor so abundant in other of his books.

G. F. Watts. By G. K. Chesterton. (The Popular Library of Art Series.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4×6 in. 174 pages. 75c., net.

Gloria Patri: Our Talks About the Trinity and the New Trinitarianism. By James Morris Whiton, Ph.D. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 162 pages. $1.

To most people the doctrine of the Trinity seems an obstacle rather than a help to faith; or at least to an intelligent understanding of their faith. This is because they draw a line with God clearly on one side and man on the other. Differences of opinion about the Trinity are usually differences of opinion concerning the side on which Christ belongs. This little volume will help a great many people because it will remove their root difficulty. It represents the doctrine of the Trinity as setting forth an idea of God which makes him, not one who is far apart from men and sends messages by the prophets and by Christ, but as one whose very nature it is "to issue forth into visible expression;" it represents this doctrine as thus the formulation into intellectual terms of a vital experience; for the idea of God which is expressed in the name Trinity is at the same time an interpretation to men of their relation to God. Every man who finds God controlling all the world, expressing himself in human life, and giving strength to individual souls, Dr. Whiton holds, is a Trinitarian in experience if not in creed. The publication of a new edition of this clearly written book, which is in the form of a dialogue, ought to find a new circle of readers who will be as much helped to clear thinking as the readers of the first edition were.

Heart of Rome (The). By Francis Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 396 pages. Paper bound, 25c.

Introduction to the Bible for Teachers of Children (An). By Georgia Louise Chamberlin. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 5×7½ in. 206 pages. $1.

A useful and commendable outline of a series of lessons for a graded class of children in Sunday-school. It combines intelligent conceptions of what a Sunday-school should be, with an understanding of what the Bible is in the light of modern scholarship. If followed, the plan in this book will tend to bring about the co-operation of parents, as it includes directions for home study. It should be understood, however, that the spirit of the book is in no sense critical. Its purpose is to aid the teacher in discovering and showing to others the way by which the Biblical writers expressed religious truth.

Introduction to the History of Civilization in England. By Henry Thomas Buckle. (New and Revised Edition.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 915 pages. $1.50, net.

A new edition in a single volume closely printed from rather small type, but legible and very compact in form.

Larger Life (The). By Sheridan Ford. George E. Croscup & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 104 pages.

Letters from an American Farmer. By J. Hector St. John Crèvecoeur. (Reprint from the Original Edition.) Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 356 pages. $1.50. (Postage, 15c.)

Americans fairly owe gratitude to Mr. W. P. Trent for suggesting that these letters were worthy of reprinting. As Dickinson, author of "Letters from a Farmer," was a political farmer, so Crèvecoeur may be called a literary farmer. Certainly these epistolary essays are literature. Their author came from Normandy about 1760, lived a peaceful and idyllic life in New York State for many years, traveled in New England, the South, Pennsylvania, and elsewhere, and wrote these letters with the express purpose of telling people in Europe about American life and American ideals. He was an optimist, and his pictures of character and surroundings are cheerful and often humorous, although there are terrible stories of cruelty in his one paper on negro slavery, which show that even in 1780 the institution was far from patriarchal and mild. Best worth reading of anything in the volume is his chapter on "What is an American?" in which he presents a high model for the emigrant:

> He is an American who, leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the Government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. He becomes an American by being received in the broad lap of our great Alma Mater. Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labors and posterity will some day cause great changes in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims, who are carrying along with them the great mass of arts, sciences, vigor, and industry which began long since in the East; they will finish the great circle.

Lexington, the Birthplace of American Liberty: A Handbook Containing an Account of the Battle of Lexington, Paul Revere's Narrative of his Famous Ride, etc. By Fred S. Piper. (Second Edition.) The Lexington Publishing Co., Lexington, Mass. 6×7½ in. 36 pages. Paper bound, 15c.

Manly Christ (The). By Dr. R. W. Conant. Published by the Author, Ravenwood, Chicago.

This is not strictly a "new view," since it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has before been presented by Thomas Hughes in "The Manliness of Christ." What is much more important, it is both a true view and a vital one. Dr. Conant well says that one reason why men do not go to church is to be found in what he calls "the feminizing of Christianity," and that "Christian art and Christian preaching need a strong tonic of virility." This view of Christ may be all summed up in the one sentence which he italicizes: "Christ stands for the highest type of a strong, virile man, and there was nothing effeminate about him." This is the theme of his book, and it is worked out in some detail and with considerable effectiveness.

Meistersinger von Nürnberg (Die). By Richard Wagner. Edited by W. P. Bigelow. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7 in. 178 pages.

Nancy Stair. By Elinor Macartney Lane. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 385 pages. $1.50.

A thoroughly good novel is not so common that it can be dismissed with a word. Nancy Stair is as delightful and bewitching a product of the exclusive training by men as we have met in many a day. She is represented as the only child of Lord Stair, a Scottish laird of the last century. He, almost crazed with grief at the untimely death of his young wife, leaves his new-born child to the care of an old woman who was the foster-mother of his wife. After years of wandering, he returns to his home, his daughter, and his two old friends—Hugh Pitcairn, a stern Scotch advocate, and Sandy Carmichael, the jolly comrade of his wild youth. Under the guidance of these three, Nancy grew up—a willful witch, unlike other girls and not like boys. The lawyer declared, "Ye can't educate women as you can men. They're elemental creatures, and ye can no more change their natures than ye can stop fire from burning." Nancy had a gift of song. She idealized her countryman and contemporary, Robbie Burns, and longed to meet him. The story of their friendship is one well worth reading. It is a wonderful bit of characterization and good writing. The daily talk, with Nancy as the center of all light; her perfectly girlish attitude toward her lovers; her strong mind and warm heart; her truth and her subtlety; her wish for freedom and her sweet submission to captivity—all combine to furnish us with a new pleasure and to honor the author of so engaging a romance. The tragedy which is the climax of the story and the natural result of Nancy's bringing up is remarkably well handled.

Notes from a Diary, 1892–1895. By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I. In 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. $4, net.

Additional notes from the journal of this genial diarist are always welcome. As usual, Sir Mountstuart resolutely suppresses reference to the more serious phases of his career, even the period of his diplomatic mission to Greece being represented only by comments on the botanical, architectural, and scenic discoveries and impressions made by and upon Lady Duff and himself. Anecdote and reminiscence flow through these pages in a gentle stream, and while not a little of the jest and repartee is of a type that will appeal to English rather than to American readers, both will enjoy equally the many stories about the notables of yesterday and to-day—Peel, Wellington, Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Renan, Taine, Hugo, Ruskin, Newman, Manning, Lord Acton, Jowett, Hübner, the Bunsens, Goldwin Smith, Pater, and Lord Cromer, with, among Americans, Andrew Jackson, Lee, Sherman, Grant, and Henry George. Most delightful of all are the glimpses of the home and club life of England, and the evidence that, as Charles Norton expressed it in a congratulatory letter to Sir Mountstuart, "the art of conversation, the social art, is not extinct." The present "Notes" bring the diary from the beginning of 1892 to the close of 1895, and their author, now approaching the octogenarian mark, expects to conclude with two more volumes, carrying the notes to January, 1901, and thereby extending them over a period of half a century. It is to be hoped that not only will he be permitted to execute his cherished design, but that he will be able to publish "postscripts" later, carrying his work far beyond the last-named date.

Notes on the Composition of Scientific Papers. By T. Clifford Allbutt, M.A., M.D., LL.D., etc. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 154 pages.

Novels and Stories of Iván Turgénieff (The): Vol. X. **The Jew, and Other Stories.** Vol. XI. **Diary of a Superfluous Man, and Other Stories.** Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. $2 per vol.

O Jesus, Thou art Standing: A Sacred Song. Words by Bishop William Walsham How. Music by William Moreton Owen. Clayton F. Summy Co., Chicago. 50c.

Other Side of the Story (The). By Leslie Derville. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5×7 in. 319 pages. $1.50.

Outlines of the History of Art. By Dr. Wilhelm Lübke. Edited, Minutely Revised, and Largely Rewritten by Russell Sturges. In 2 vols. Fully Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 7×10 in. $10, net, per set. (Postage, 64c. additional.)

A new edition, in a very compact form, printed from small type, but with a clear face and very legible.

Penetration of Arabia (The): A Record of the Development of Western Knowledge Concerning the Arabian Peninsula. By David George Hogarth, M.A., F.R.G.S., F.S.A. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 359 pages. $1.35, net.

While this second volume in "The Story of Exploration" series is not nearly so interesting nor so well arranged as its predecessor, Sir Harry Johnston's "The Nile Quest," it is valuable as an adequate summing up of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our surprisingly little knowledge of inland Arabia. The author frankly states that he is not among those who have penetrated the peninsula, and that his personal acquaintance with its inhabitants is small—facts which largely account for his work's lack of warmth and color—and claims for his volume consideration only as "a mere essay in the poplarization, appreciation, and introduction to the public of other men's first-hand work." From this self-stated point of view it will be found satisfactory, giving an excellent idea of the results achieved by such famous explorers as Niebuhr, Seetzen, Burckhardt, Wallin, Burton, Palgrave, Halévy, Doughty, and Blunt, and of the natural and artificial barriers that even to-day render so much of Arabia a terra incognita. Doubtless many readers will be surprised to learn that, in the twentieth century, "Not a hundredth part of the peninsula has been mathematically surveyed; the altitude of scarcely a single point, even on the littoral, has been fixed by an exact process, and we depend on little more than guesses for all points in the interior." Mr. Hogarth now and again gives some capital pen sketches of the explorers, especially worthy of mention in this respect being the passages (p. 56 seq.) descriptive of Niebuhr and (p. 88 seq.) of Burckhardt. Students of religious movements will find much that is instructive in the carefully studied account of the rise and spread of Wahabism. As was the case with "The Nile Quest," the work is liberally illustrated with pictures of the different explorers and scenes of the country.

Penobscot Man (The). By Fanny Hardy Eckstorm. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 326 pages. $1.25.

Seldom has a type been more sympathetically presented than the Maine river man in these stories, which are said to be all the relation of true incidents. Certainly they impress one as actualities—almost too hard and grim, but for the relief of a quiet humor and charming descriptions of the woods and waterways, where the author is evidently and happily very much at home.

Physical Training for Children by Japanese Methods (Jiu-Jitsu). By H. Irving Hancock. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 153 pages. $1.25.

We have already commended Mr. Hancock's previously issued volume on "Physical Training for Women." This book, with its sensible suggestions, and cautions as to moderation, may be used by a teacher in instructing children, or by an intelligent girl or boy without instruction. Photographs are given of the first feats to undertake, of "struggles" and "tug-of-war drills," and of the other jiu-jitsu exercises, the interest and novelty of which will commend them to young people who have before found gymnastic exercise unwelcome.

Pole Poppenspäler. By Theodor Storm. Edited by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 172 pages.

Practical Exercises in Astronomy: A Laboratory Manual for Beginners. By Goodwin D. Swezey. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 175 pages.

Present-Day Japan. By Augusta M. Campbell Davidson, M.A. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5½×9¼ in. 331 pages. $4.50, net.

An addition to the already large number of superficial books about Japan. Built upon letters narrating the impressions of a first visit to the Island Kingdom, it is curiously padded in the effort to induce the reader to accept the author's claim to speak as one with authority on traits, characteristics, and customs "Japanesey," to use her pet term. Recognizing the gulf between Oriental and Occidental mental processes, and perhaps because of the realization that shopping and temple-visiting expeditions do not afford the best means of bridging it, she summons to her aid authorities like Satow, but fails, as she fails in observing people and places, to delve beneath the surface. The passages in which she foregoes her ambitious desires and is content to prattle amiably about various excursions from point to point of interest are the best of the book, although these suffer markedly from a tendency to find things either "lovely" or "perfectly horrid." The work is well illustrated and handsomely bound.

Primer of Browning (A). By Edward Berdoe, M.R.C.S. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 124 pages. 40c., net.

Pseudo-Criticism, or the Higher Criticism and its Counterfeit. By Sir Robertson Anderson, K.C.B., LL.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 123 pages. 75c.

The author's present work "appeals mainly to men of the world as such." His claim is that "educated 'men of affairs' are better fitted to decide what are the 'assured results of modern criticism' than the pundits and professors." We doubt if this high compliment will persuade them to take his logical jump, from the fact that Jesus quoted some statements of the Old Testament as finally authoritative to the inference that all its statements are equally authoritative. Sir Robert has, however, the courage of his convictions, and does not hesitate to charge the Scotch Presbyterian Assembly with "apostasy" in tolerating the "heresies" of Professor George Adam Smith.

Religion, its Origin and Forms. By J. A. Macculloch. (The Temple Primers Series.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 185 pages.

The author limits himself to an account of the so-called pagan religions, in which with doubtful reason he includes the hybrid religion of Mohammedans. He adopts the view which Mr. Andrew Lang has plausibly maintained in his "Making of Religion," that primeval man cherished a vague theism, of which animism, fetichism, and polytheism were subsequent corruptions. As a primer this is an excellent introduction to a great study, for advance in which it adds a small bibliography of important works.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seiners (The). By James B. Connolly. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 314 pages. $1.50.

The author of "Out of Gloucester" convinced the public immediately that he knew the life of our coast fishermen. The present story deepens that impression, for the salt air blows through it, and one can hear the creak of heavy oars and the slapping of the waves on the bow, as strong arms send the fishing-boats forward into the coveted schools of fish. Any one who has seen the annual race at Gloucester between the fishing-boats will respond to this hearty sea tale—fresh and free as a gale. The supposed narrator, a Gloucester boy of twenty, shows the hearts of the men about him, and virile human beings they are.

Shakespeare's Plays. Edited with Notes by William J. Rolfe, Litt. D. Illustrated. **Othello, A Midsummer-Night's Dream, The Tempest, Hamlet, Macbeth, Twelfth Night.** The American Book Co., New York. 4½×6½ in.

Shorter Elizabethan Poems. Introduction by A. H. Bullen. (An English Garner.) **Some Longer Elizabethan Poems.** Introduction by A. H. Bullen. (An English Garner.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8¾ in. $1.25, net, per vol.

In this new form of "An English Garner" the old spelling is in almost all cases modernized. The title-pages of the poems as they originally appeared, together with dedications and prefaces, are given. Mr. A. H. Bullen furnishes a short introduction to each volume. The Outlook has already reviewed other volumes in this series.

Si de las Ninas (El). By Leandro Fernandez de Moratin. Edited by J. Geddes, Jr., Ph.D., F. M. Josselyn, Jr. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7 in. 125 pages.

Silas Marner. By George Eliot. Edited by Wilbur Lucius Cross, Ph.D. (Gateway Series.) The American Book Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 336 pages.

Tree in the Midst (The): A Contribution to the Study of Freedom. By Greville MacDonald, M.D. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 6×9 in. 411 pages. $3.

Reserved for later notice.

Tristan and Isolde: A Tragedy. By Louis K. Anspacher. Brentano's, New York. 6½×9½ in. 123 pages. $2, net.

The version of the legend used here differs both from Tennyson's and from Wagner's. The movement of the drama takes place after the marriage of Isolde to Mark. Tristan is represented as having struggled against his love, but vainly. He is forgiven by King Mark, to whom is attributed a spirit of magnanimity, but is killed treacherously by Melot, a wooer of the Queen. Isolde appears as a creature of circumstance. Though the verse frequently exhibits immaturity, it is often imaginative and contains some strong lines.

Venice. By Gustav Pauli. Translated by P. G. Konody. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6½×9½ in. 173 pages. $1.50, net.

Wellesley Stories. By Grace Louise Cook. (Revised Edition. Illustrated.) E. H. Bacon & Co., Boston. 4½×7¼ in. 340 pages. $1.25.

Working with the Hands. By Booker T. Washington. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8¼ in. 245 pages. $1.50, net.

To the readers of this book—except those who are so insistent upon criticising the Tuskegee idea that they have no mind for discovering what it really is—Dr. Washington makes clear two things: first, that he has no desire to see industrial education supplant any other kind of education; second, that he values industrial education because of its efficiency as an instrument for moral elevation. So concrete is he, however, that he makes a general statement concerning his own aims or his judgment only incidentally. He expresses his aims and records his judgments through his narrative. An example may be taken from the opening chapter, in which he tells of his first training in work with the hands. As a boy he was employed by a lady, reputed to be very severe, to care for her place. So rigorous were her requirements that he almost ran away; but soon he began to take pride in meeting those requirements. "I would try to picture the yard," he says, "as I meant it to look when completed, and lay awake nights trying to decide upon the prettiest curves for the flower-beds and the proper width of the walks. I was soon far more absorbed in this work than in filling in my leisure time seeking mischief with the village boys." This of course meant a training of the imagination, the taste, the judgment, and the will. And as one reads the book through it is not possible to escape the feeling that it is because Dr. Washington found manual training—or, as he defines it, "working" as distinguished from "being worked"—so effectual in the cultivation of these and other qualities of character that he covets such training, in small degree when it cannot be in large, for the great multitude of the negro people. In a similar way he shows the high intellectual value of studying things themselves—as distinct from the acknowledged value of studying about things. The larger part of the book is devoted to an account of the work done at Tuskegee Institute. Not only are the methods of training the students described, but also the extension work, if it may be so called, of the Institute; the organization of the farmers in the neighborhood, the influence of the Institute on the children of the vicinity, the conference of the women of the country round about, the helpful contact maintained between the Institute and its former pupils, and the like. A chapter is devoted to the religious influences of Tuskegee, another to the tangible results obtained by this form of education, still another to the spread of the Tuskegee spirit by the establishment, for instance, of similar institutions; the final chapter is an examination into the success of negro education generally. Dr. Washington's simple, direct style is not the least merit of his book. Reproductions of photographs add interest to the volume.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED